Jester's Picnic.

...e announcement of Beranger's death recalls, says ... Evening Post, an incident that is said to have hap... ...d at Harvard College a few years ago. One of the ...ents had prepared for public exhibition a disquisition ... Beranger." A few days before the time appointed ...ts delivery the death of the poet was announced in ... papers, and seemed to afford an opportunity for the ...lay of unusual eloquence. The peroration began: ...ranger is dead; he is followed to his grave by his ...ntry's love and the homage of the world." Unluckily, ...he morning of the exhibition the report was contra... ...d. The orator, determined not to lose his fine pas... ..., said: "Beranger is *not* dead; he is *not* followed to ... grave by his country's love and the homage of the ...d," and retired amid rounds of applause.

...shionable *Call and all they said.*—"How do you do, ... dear?" "Putty well, thank you." (They kiss.) ...w have you been this age?" "Putty well. How ... you been?" "Very well, thank you." "Pleasant ...lay." "Yes, very bright; but we had a shower yes... ...day." "Are all your people well?" "Quite well, thank ... How are yours?" "Very well—I'm obliged to ..." "Have you seen Mary B——, lately?" "No; ... I've seen Susan C——." "You don't say so! Is ... well?" "Very well, I believe." (Rising.) "*Must* ... go?" "Yes, indeed; I have seven calls to make." ... call on me once in an age." "O, you should not ...so! I'm sure I'm very good." "Good-by."

... farmer told a friend of his, who had come from town ... few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent ... that went off immediately upon a thief coming into ... house, although not charged.

...Wonderful gun, indeed," said the sportsman; "but ... the deuce did it happen—must have been an Irish ...?"

...Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went ...gether, and before I had time to charge him with it." ... regular *sell*.

...n Irishman addicted to telling strange stories, said ...w a man beheaded with his hands tied behind him, ... directly picked up his head and put it on his shoul... ...in the right place.

...Ha, ha, ha!" said a bystander, "how could he pick ...is head when his hands were tied behind him?"

...And sure what a purty fool ye are!" said Pat, "and ...dn't he pick it up with his teeth? To old Nick wid ... botheration!"

...hen George the Third, who was not much of a sol... ..., reviewed the 49th regiment of Highlanders, he ad... ...d their stalwort proportions and gorgeous plaid. ...r the review he sent for the colonel, told him how ...h he admired the regiment, and as a special act of ...ness declared his intention of furnishing "the poor ...ws with breeches." But the Highlanders swore they ...ld never put their legs in bags, and so the thing ...t no further.

... Quaker, it is said, took a remarkably fine looking ...e to market for sale, and asked a high price for it. ... animal attracted much notice, a bargain was soon ...ck, and a receipt given. The buyer was examining ... purchase with scrutinizing admiration, when the ...ker said:

...Well, friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

...None, whatever," was the answer.

...Neither will he ever *see any* in thee," said the Quaker.

...I say, old boy," cried Paul Pryer to an excavator in ...th Shields, whom he espied at the bottom of a yawn... ...gulf, "what are you digging there!"

...A big hole," the old boy replied.

...aul was not to be put off in this fashion.

...What are you going to do with the hole?"

...Going to cut it into small holes," replied the old boy, ...d retail them to farmers for gate-posts."

...aul was sold.

... is said of Father Mabillon, who, throughout his ...th and early manhood, was noted for his stupidity, ... at the age of twenty-six he pitched against a stair... ... fractured his skull, was trepanned, and afterwards ...essed a luminous understanding. Perhaps other ...id fellows might as well try the experiment; at any ... no great harm could be done.

..."Do you publish matrimonial notices for the subscri...ers to your paper?" said a gentlemanly-looking youth, ...pping into our office the other morning.

...Certainly, sir."

..."Well, then, I'll go and get married; for I don't see ... other way of getting my name in your paper—since ... have rejected all my poetical effusions."

...You are from the country, are you not, sir?" asked ...ndy bookseller of a home-dressed Quaker, who had ...n him some trouble.

...Yes."

...Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves."

...That," replied the Quaker, as he turned to leave the ...p, "thee had better present to thy mother."

...n Englishman yesterday had purchased a small john ... whiskey. Being a member of the "fourteen years' ...ding" society, he undertook to disguise the disguiser ... bag. But the bag not being long enough to cover ... neck of the bottle, an Irishman, who happened to be ...ent, suggested as a means of reducing the size of the ...kage, "to take a few drinks out of it."

...ttle Boy—When I get bigger, Mr. Brown, you'll let ...ide your horse, wont you?

...r. Brown—Why, Charlie, I haven't any horse. What ...es you think so?

...ttle Boy—Why, I heard mother say this morning ... you had been riding a *high horse* lately.

...How are you, count?" said a noted wag to a spruce ...ing specimen of the genus snob.

...Sir!" exclaimed the indignant swell, "who are you, ... why call me a count?"

...Why, I saw you counting oysters in New York last ...k, and I supposed you were of royal blood," said the ... Snob vamosed.

...hen old Zachariah Fox, the great merchant of Liver... ..., was asked by what means he contrived to realize so ... a fortune as he possessed, his reply was:

...Friend, by one article alone, in which thou mayest ... too if thou pleasest—civility."

...*ly.*—The following from Punch is probably the se... ...t satire ever uttered against human nature: Poll ...kind to-morrow as to which of the two they would ...er be, "a knave or a fool," the majority would be at ... two to one in favor of the knaves.

...ere is said to be a village out west so healthy that ...le can't die there, but are obliged to go to the next ... if they are tired of living; and there were two men ...re who lived to be "so old" that they did not know ... they were, and nobody could tell them.

ODE TO A SHANGHAI.

Feathered giraffe! who lent you wings?
Who furnished you those legs?
How could such everlasting things
As those, come out of eggs?.

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The Arkansas Ranger:

—OR,—

DINGLE THE BACKWOODSMAN.

A STORY OF EAST AND WEST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

"That you could see her to-night."

"What?" exclaimed Allston. "What, see her—*her*, the countess Leonora, and to-night? Did you say to-night?"

"Hush—not so loud! Yes, you can see her to-night. Even now she is passionately kissing a little token, a keepsake of yours, and is chiding the slow footsteps of time."

"And you saw her, and came as the blessed messenger of such good tidings?" cried Allston, in a wild transport of joy and gratitude. "And Dingle will actually free me—and to-night? To-night I am to behold Leonora again? O, dear maiden, blessings upon your gentle head! Blessings upon the brave heart of my true friend! Blessings upon you both!"

"Your warmest thanks are due to Dingle. He is the author of your happiness," said the girl, warmly.

"But how am I to escape?" asked Allston, "and why this delay? If not now, why this evening? Since you are free to go, why may I not accompany you?"

"I have ways of going and coming which you cannot possibly avail yourself of."

"Then how in the name of Heaven is my liberty to be secured?"

"Do not ask me—and, above all, do not despair. Trust Dingle; he is true as steel and brave as his sword. He is now working with all his might, opening a passage to form a communication between the Castle and the Catacombs. There is an opening over yonder by which I passed, but the path is through the court-yard, and there you cannot possibly accompany me without detection."

"But the countess?"

"She shall share your flight."

"O, joy of joys! You are a good angel, signorina!"

"Not quite," said Nina, smiling; "only a simple girl, and your true friend. Ay, be patient till nightfall."

"But——"

"But what?"

"Should the plan fail——"

"That is scarcely possible."

"You are sure you can procure the key of the door?"

"Quite sure."

"You must have the key. Remember the door is of iron, and cannot be broken."

"Make yourself easy, signor. I shall have the key. And rely upon your friend; he will be here without fail."

"O, that I were free now!" cried Allston. "It seems as if an age were to pass between me and nightfall. And Leonora—— If this cup of proffered bliss were dashed to the ground, my heart would break utterly, Nina."

"Courage, signor. You have a soldier's gallant heart. You must borrow something of a woman's patience. *Addio!* Remember—at nightfall all will be well. *Addio!*"

The little vivandiere vanished down the long passage way, and Allston was left to himself. He seemed twice as lonely as before—as if the light of heaven had been withdrawn from him. The chains that bound him clanked heavily as he turned away, and he sighed as he thought of the long hours which separated him from Leonora. Dark forebodings clouded his spirit, adding to the gloom of his dungeon. What if the hope held out by Nina should prove an illusion? Courage? patience? How can a prisoner be brave and patient? In the early days of captivity it is difficult to be resigned.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DISCOVERY.

Far under ground the gallant patriots were laboring at a passage in the rocks, the ranger setting the example and performing more work than any of his followers. Suddenly a man whom Dingle evidently expected, made his appearance.

"Well?" said the ranger, inquiringly.

"He has gone," said the panting messenger.

"Has he?" cried Dingle. "By all the saints in the Roman calendar, this is good news! When did he go?"

"At eleven."

TREACHERY, AND ITS DISCOVERY.

"By the same path?"

"Yes, captain."

"Did Benevento lead him?"

"Yes."

"Glorious! Exactly what I wished and prayed. Hullo, there, men; stop work. Down with your picks! I've something else for you to attend to. Follow after me!"

The men threw down their tools, and seemed to wait for further instructions.

"You will meet me at the cross-paths," said the ranger. "You, Antonio, will come with me."

While his men silently took one passage, the ranger, with a single follower, and bearing a lighted torch, struck into another, and pursued their strange and wierd journey far under ground, until they reached an outlet.

"Here," said the ranger, "I will halt. Go you to Garibaldi, Antonio, and tell him that the Arkansas ranger awaits him with impatience in the Catacombs—that there is work on foot to-night that brooks no delay, and that whatever he has in hand must be laid aside, for the safety of Rome depends on his prompt obedience to my summons."

Antonio bowed and retired, and Dingle, sitting down on a fragment of rock, waited with as much patience as he could summon, the return of his messenger.

At the end of an hour, which seemed an age to the gallant backwoodsman, Antonio re-appeared, accompanied with no less a personage than the Roman general, wearing a plain civilian's dress, with no insignia of his rank.

"You sent for me, and here I am," said Garibaldi.

"It is well," replied Dingle.

And, without another word, he gave Garibaldi a torch, and the three men set off at a quick pace. As he passed along beside the ranger, the general asked him whither they were going.

"You will see," replied Dingle, bluntly. "I am so busy thinking that I can't talk. This is no time for words, but for action."

When they reached the place where Dingle's band was posted, the leader bade Antonio remain until further orders, and passed on with the general.

"What is this?" asked the general, as they came to a quantity of stone?

"That *was* the powder magazine," said Dingle; "but you might throw a Congreve rocket in, and it would burn out now without doing a bit of harm. But I say nothing. There was a fellow of my size who might have made a noise in the world somewhere about these diggings, if he had been allowed to fire a certain train that he had laid at peril of his life. But the time has passed and gone now."

"Fool that I was!" said Garibaldi. "I cannot think of it with patience."

"You were overruled by your colleagues," said Dingle.

"Hark!" said Garibaldi. "What is that?"

A heavy rumbling and rolling were now heard overhead. The ranger paused, and answered, with a smile:

"You ought to know those sounds. They're the tramp of cavalry and the rumbling of artillery. The enemy are manœuvering right over our heads. If we only had a quarter of a ton of powder here, I'd willingly lose my life for the sake of giving these scoundrels a hoist. But there's no time to lose, or my plans will be defeated. Hurry, general, or we shall be too late."

"Too late for what?"

"You shall see," replied Dingle, as he quickened his pace through the dark and devious passage. At last they came to a place where the gallery suddenly narrowed and became so low that they were almost stifled with the smoke of their torches as they crept through it. At length they reached a small chamber about eight feet square, from which diverged a short passage to the right, at the extremity of which appeared a single luminous point of light.

"There, general," said Dingle; "we have reached the end of our journey. Now you must try to live without breathing, and not a word above a whisper must pass our lips, for we're almost in the lion's jaws."

Moving a few feet forward along the narrow passage, they came to a rough hole. As they crawled to this point, the backwoodsman put his lips close to the general's ear, and whispered—

"That bit of canvass is the edge of General Oudinot's tent."

Garibaldi was greatly surprised at this statement, but, stooping lower at a sign from his conductor, he found, to his astonishment, that they had a clear view of the interior. The first person they beheld was the Count D'Orbico!

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Firmly convinced of his treachery as Garibaldi was, yet when the confirmation of his suspicions was thus suddenly brought home to him—when he beheld the villain in the very act of communicating with the enemy, he found it difficult to suppress a cry of amazement. Yet there was the false noble seated on a camp stool beside Oudinot at a small table on which lay a large map and some plans, as calmly as when sitting in the Roman assembly or the camp of the republic. The plan which the French general held in his hand at the time of the arrival of the two republicans, represented a general outline of the city and its environs on a large scale, with all the latest works of the besieged.

"And this is the latest movement?" asked Oudinot.

"Yes."

"A skilful one, too," said the French marshal. "Where did this man learn his military art?" Then, holding the plan at arm's length, he narrowly examined it as if he were measuring and weighing the whole scheme of defence.

"You have the powder ready at the point you designated?" he asked, abruptly.

"It is all there," replied D'Orbico.

"And you will manage the explosion at the right time?"

"Without fail."

Oudinot looked steadily at D'Orbico for a moment, and then resumed his examination of the map.

"And this point," said he, pointing to a place in the Roman lines—"this, you say, is wholly unguarded? Not a soldier or a gun there?"

"You may be assured of that—it is the weakest point in the city."

"And the wall at that part?"

"Weak and crumbling"

"A heavy cannonade would breach it?"

"A few well-directed shots would do that."

"If I directed a vigorous Napoleon assault on that point it could not be repulsed?"

"It could not."

"What was Garibaldi thinking of when he withdrew his men and guns, and neglected to strengthen that point?"

"You forget that I am one of the generals, marshal, and that the council of war over-ruled the individual opinion of Garibaldi."

"I see," said Oudinot; and he resumed his examination of the map, whistling a lively quickstep.

"Well," said he, at length, rubbing his forehead, "I am satisfied; I could hardly have hoped for such advantages. And do you not think this underground passage would answer for a detachment of my men?"

"O, never. They might never be heard from again if they were involved in the passages of that mysterious labyrinth. Besides, Garibaldi has secret mines there, and, they say, an army of men under ground, led by a wild fellow who is more than half a demon. He knows all the passages by heart, and would annihilate any force you could throw into the Catacombs."

"*Diable!*" cried Oudinot. "Then it was this man who suddenly burst on my camp and released the prisoner!"

"Without a doubt."

"What is this place?" said the marshal, pointing again to the map.

"I am stationed there at present—and can make my men do what I choose."

"You will fall back, then, on our plan of an alarm. It will not be difficult to spread a panic among your troops?"

"I think not."

"And you think that the present arrangement will not be changed to-day?"

"I am sure of it."

"Might it not be altered in your absence? Are you quite sure that you have awakened no suspicion?"

"They will never suspect me, marshal. I am reputed the greatest patriot in the city—the mob idolize me."

Oudinot burst into a fit of laughter.

"And what is more," continued D'Orbico, "at this moment they are preparing to execute some innocent persons whom they suppose to be the real traitors."

Oudinot's face grew suddenly serious, and an expression of ineffable scorn and loathing darkened it for a moment, but he bit his lips and was discreetly silent.

"*Bien* (good)!" said he, at length. "Since you are so certain that there will be no change, I will issue orders for an attack. It is now four o'clock; in two hours we shall be in motion. Can you reach your post and contrive to spread alarm among your troops by six?"

"Yes."

"Then I will hasten my preparations. The hazard is great, but the result is worthy of a heavier risk. I will cannonade that wall—I will direct the heaviest attack on the weak point you have designated. You will yourself sustain the attack, and give orders to your men to save themselves. See that your fugitives communicate their panic to their comrades—and Rome is ours before nine o'clock. Adieu, my lord; you have work before you as well as I."

Oudinot rose, and thus ended the interview.

Garibaldi and his companion retreated noiselessly from their post of observation.

"Dingle," said Garibaldi, sternly, "cannot this villain be intercepted?"

"He can and will be," replied Dingle.

"How?"

"Benevento, his guide, is a spy of mine."

"Indeed!"

"Of course. Yankee sharpness is more than a match for Italian cunning."

"You know the path by which he returns?"

"As I know my right hand."

"And you can detain him for two hours?"

"For as long as you please. But I hope, general, you don't think of releasing him. He should swing from the highest pinnacle of Rome, a warning to traitors like himself—if there be any more such black-hearted villains on the face of the earth."

"His punishment will come in time. All I ask for him now is two hours' detention."

"Why, general, I was thinking it would be beneficial to try a little of Judge Lynch's law in his case."

"Don't act without orders. Fear not that he shall escape justice. Arrest him, till the fight is over, and then bring him to me."

"Promise me, general, that you wont pardon him."

"Pardon him? him—the villain who could smile at the thought of innocent blood poured out for *his* treason!"

"Enough said, general. I see I may safely deliver him into your hands."

With lighted torches they again set out on their homeward journey. When they reached Dingle's band, the ranger issued his orders for the arrest of D'Orbico, charging his men on the peril of their lives, to refrain from injuring the prisoner. They then resumed their rapid march, and in a short time the Roman general was in his camp. There hurriedly, but without any tumult or noise of preparation, Garibaldi prepared to resist the menaced attack, for a hasty reconnoissance showed him that Oudinot was getting ready to execute his promise to D'Orbico.

The general's first movement was to place a number of guns in a position to command the enemy's artillery, which would be brought forward to breach the wall. Then he planted some heavy pieces in such a way as to command the whole approach to the threatened pass, and lastly, on the menaced point itself he threw a mass of his bravest and choicest troops, and supported them with a tremendous weight of cannon. After having done this—not forgetting to supplant D'Orbico's command by more trustworthy soldiers—he calmly awaited the event.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ASSAULT.

At the hour called "Ave Maria" by the Italians, which answers to our six o'clock, Garibaldi detected a movement in the French lines. By this time, the whole Roman army knew that a great plot had been discovered, and was about to be foiled. The removal of D'Orbico's regiment led the quick-witted Italians to suspect his perfidy, and rumor spread abroad with lightning wings the report of his deep guilt. But there was no time now to think of treason or traitors, for all hearts beat high with resolution, in anticipation of the approaching attack.

In order to draw the French more readily into the snare, Garibaldi made a very prominent display of a body of troops on a distant point, and artfully masked from view those he had concentrated on the positions threatened by the enemy. Thus, while Oudinot was watching the city from a distant point, sure of his prey, and dreaming of the glory that would redound from its capture, Garibaldi was equally certain of the result of his vigilance. To make assurance doubly sure, he gave his attention to the powder magazine prepared by the base D'Orbico, and made ready to fire it at the critical moment when the French troops should have reached the count's old position.

All the preparations were finished, and at last the French advanced. The guns they had planted played fiercely against the wall, and soon the brick structure, venerable from antiquity, but all the weaker from that cause, was shattered and torn into a wide, yawning breach.

Garibaldi's guns, meanwhile, were voiceless, and a well-prepared ringing of bells and firing of cannon in other parts of the city lulled the French leader into the belief that his main attack would be a complete surprise.

Thus the French moved on, and, with rapid step, regiment after regiment of their splendid

infantry passed through the breach, and then all the bells of the city rang out one clamorous alarm, as if the Romans had just then perceived the enemy. For a moment, every man in the assaulting columns believed that Rome was taken. But it was hardly for a moment—for, as the thousands who had entered had traversed half the distance between the wall and the point of attack, the tiers of guns on either side opened a destructive fire. Artfully concealed by bushes and stones, these batteries had not before been noticed, but now men seemed to spring up from the very ground, and every tree and bush seemed changed to spires of living flame. Then when the storm of death was hurled point blank on the advancing columns, and the cruel masses of metal tore out huge gaps from the ranks at every pealing discharge, the bravest were appalled at the terrible ambuscade.

Still, with that high courage which is characteristic of the French, and which only rises as danger thickens around them, they marched onward with accelerated pace, while louder and louder thundered the great guns, and more terrible grew the carnage. On! on! If it is death to advance, it is shame to retreat. Retreat!—not a man dreams of it. The dead and wounded lay thick upon their pathway, and the ground was slippery with gore—but still they advanced.

But when they reached the point which they had been taught to believe was almost wholly defenceless, suddenly the yawning muzzles of a powerful battery were unmasked, and instantly vomited forth a fire more terrible than any they had yet sustained—withering as the old Greek fire, sweeping away whole ranks in its hurricane passage. Hundreds fell under the continuous discharge of their heavy artillery, and hundreds, in an instant of time, were mutilated for life. The shrieks of the wounded, mingled with the shouts of the officers—the shrill notes of the fife, and the rapid, rattling beats of the drum, while above rose the fierce vivas of the Romans and the deep diapason of the cannon. And not alone the cannon welcomed the invaders; incessant volleys of musketry thinned their ranks and completed the carnage of the heavier metal. What wonder that the French columns reeled beneath such a volcanic burst of fire!

"On! on! *en avant* (forward)!" cried the officers, in madness and despair.

In the rear, thousands of fresh troops still pressing on from without, urged them forward. The front ranks fired, and prepared to charge. With fixed bayonets they dashed forward more eagerly, and even hopefully. They would dislodge those gunners—they would take the battery. The intervening distance was rapidly passed. The guns, meanwhile, were cold and silent—but a hundred matches burning along the line, were ready to hurl death on the assailants. The French troops reached the battery. But at a single word of command, terrible as fate, a tremendous discharge took place. Chain shot, grape, cannister, shrapnel, bombs, and deadly missiles of every description, blended in one wild tornado, tore through the ranks of the enemy. Hundreds fell at once before that fearful tempest of fire, which it seemed impossible for man to withstand. In the midst of this uproar, in the midst of the shrieks of the wounded, the fierce orders of the French commanders and the fiercer shouts of the Roman patriots, an earthquake explosion rose upon the right. The French had made an attack upon the point from which D'Orbico's regiment had been removed. It had been attended with comparatively small loss, and the Romans had been ignominiously beaten back. Flushed with the ardor of victory, the French had pursued them, and, carried away by the fury of battle, had chased them some distance beyond their lines. But just then, in the midst of their apparent success, they felt the ground heave beneath them. Simultaneously, and like the outburst of a volcano, fire flashed from the earth, and with a roar like ten thousand thunders, the hapless detachment was rent and shattered by a subterraneous explosion. A thick cloud of smoke rolled over the scene of carnage, veiling its horrors from the eyes of the startled spectators.

The main body of the assailants were reserved for another fate. Scarcely had the thunders of the explosion died away upon their ears than another sound saluted them—a wild shout immediately in front of the column. A deafening cry of "*Viva la Roma!*" rent the air, and thousands of men sprang from behind the battery. Volley after volley was poured into their diminished and disorganized ranks.

"Charge!"

Instantly following this order, the fierce Romans fell like a thunderbolt upon their foe. Against the weight of this new and fresh attack by the bayonets of the patriots, seconded by flanking fires of musketry, no force could contend. The French, who had thus far borne themselves bravely, could do no more. They retreated, were pursued, bayoneted, and sabred by hundreds, and their eagles fell into the hands of the Romans. The assault became a sad defeat, and by nine o'clock old Rome glowed with the myriad fires of an illumination in honor of the victory.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRAITOR TRAPPED.—A PARTING SCENE.

But what has become of D'Orbico? Confident in the success of his traitorous schemes, indulging in flattering dreams of rewards and honors to be bestowed upon him by the enemies of his country, he was following the guidance of Benevento through the dark passages of the Catacombs, when, on turning an angle, he found himself in the midst of a body of fierce, armed men, and was confronted by the formidable figure of the Arkansas Ranger. Both uttered an exclamation of surprise—but that of D'Orbico was real, while Dingle's was only well-feigned.

"Who are you?" asked Dingle, sternly.

"Who are you that questions me? Of what country are you a native? What colors do you serve? I am General Count D'Orbico, a chief of the republic, and I demand to know your name and purpose."

The backwoodsman laughed. "You're riding too high a horse, stranger; take care that he doesn't throw you. That tone ill befits a single man in the presence of the commander of an armed body. I am captain here, and on duty, and allow me to observe, in the politest manner possible, and with all due reverence to your rank and position, that I consider you a suspicious character."

"Stand back and let me pass, fellow," said the count, haughtily. There was a slight tremulousness in his tone.

"I was never guilty of passing counterfeit coin," retorted the ranger. And he added, laying a heavy hand on D'Orbico's collar, "you are my prisoner!"

"Prisoner!"

"Yes, sir-ree, *si signor.*"

"What do you mean, ruffian?"

"No hard names, my friend. Bilingsgate ill becomes the lips of a noble—and, though I don't mind what you say, my fellows are rather jealous of my dignity, and not easily appeased when I am insulted; so you had better, for your own sake, *cut bien whids*, as the gipsies say—in the vernacular, keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I warn you not to restrain me. I am the Count D'Orbico. I am a general of Rome, on important business, and must be in the city by sundown. Detain me at your peril."

"My bosom friend and boon companion," said Dingle, with coolness. "I'm perfectly aware that your name is D'Orbico, for you've mentioned the fact twice. I dare say you are a count, for counts are as plenty as blackberries in these diggings—but allow me to observe that in these underground regions we have no respect for name and rank."

"And who are you who dares to interfere with me?" asked D'Orbico.

"King of the dead men!" answered Dingle. "Monarch in these pale realms of death! And these, my followers, are spectres. Didn't you feel how airy and bodiless was the hand I laid on your collar? Touch me, and I am thin air—a breath would dissipate me. Are you satisfied with that answer to your question, Signor General Count D'Orbico?"

"Man, whoever you are," said the Roman count, anxiously, "let me go my way. If you are a Roman—if you love your country—let me go, for I am her chief general."

Dingle shook his head. "I am afraid your soldiers must make shift with your brigadier, then."

"Listen," said the count, after a pause. "I have gold. You, I suppose, are brigands."

"I told you we were spectres," said Dingle. "Zounds! do you dispute my words?"

"This is no time for jesting."

"I am not jesting," said Dingle.

"Nor I," said the count. "I make you serious offer. I will give you gold enough to content you, if you will but let me go."

"Bribery and corruption!" exclaimed Dingle. "My dear fellow, what use could we make of gold?"

D'Orbico gazed around. Everywhere he saw stern, lowering faces, showing grim and ghastly in the flickering torchlight. He renewed his supplications:

"Will anything induce you to liberate me?"

"Under certain circumstances," said Dingle, "we might trade; but just now I am under the disagreeable necessity of declining all offers, and of holding you a close prisoner."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Your own eyes will answer you, by-and-by."

"Benevento!" shouted D'Orbico.

"No use to call him. He is gone. He has received his pay as your guide from me."

"Gone?" cried D'Orbico, in despair.

"Ay, and you are in hands that will not let you escape."

He made a motion, and two of his followers lifted the count in their arms as easily as if he had been a child.

"Bring him along," said Dingle.

Leading the way along one of the passages, the whole band followed him. They moved on in silence for some time, the count perfectly motionless, but wondering to what horrible region they were conveying him. At length they ascended a few steps, and came to a small chamber, passing through which they again mounted, and finally emerged into the light of day. They stood within the walls of a strong prison.

"Our course is not yet ended," said Dingle, turning to D'Orbico, whom his bearers had placed upon his feet, still holding him with a firm grasp. "But listen! Do you hear those cannon and those shouts?"

"What do they mean?" asked D'Orbico, trembling.

"They mean that the French have attempted to surprise the city, but that Garibaldi, forewarned and forearmed, is beating them at all points—and that Providence has foiled a traitor's plot to ruin Rome!"

Nine o'clock had arrived, and Allston, in his lonely cell, had heard no tidings of his friends. Hope deferred was fast changing into despair, when a slight rattling noise attracted his attention. He leaped to his feet and looked out. It was Nina!

"Ah, you have come at last."

"Yes, captain; make haste."

She unlocked the door, and Allston stepped forth into the corridor.

"Stay," said Nina. "It would be rather absurd for a gentleman to wear steel ruffles in a lady's presence."

She produced a key which she applied to Allston's manacles, and removed them from his wrists. His heart bounded, as he felt his limbs once more at liberty, though he still breathed the close air of a prison.

They walked through a long, dark gallery, and, reaching a flight of steps at the extremity, commenced the ascent of a long staircase. At last they reached what seemed to be the topmost story of a lofty structure.

"You will soon see the countess," said Nina, "but I have a disappointment in store for you."

"What is that?"

"You cannot escape from prison yet."

"Way not?"

"Deengl and his men were called off from their work yesterday, and could not finish the passage."

"Good heavens!"

"You must wait patiently a prisoner, till it is finished."

"Be it so," said Allston, after a pause, "only let me see the countess."

"Come, then."

She stepped quickly along the hall, and, applying a key to a door at the farthest extremity, it opened.

There stood the countess, evidently expectant of a visit. The next moment, she was folded in the embrace of her lover, her beautiful face hidden against his shoulder, her luxuriant tresses falling over him in wild profusion, her little tremulous hand locked in his grasp.

Allston's emotion was almost too deep for words. "O, Leonora!" was all he could say.

He led her gently to a sofa by the window, and they sat down together.

"*Carissima mia!*" said Allston, "this interview more than compensates for hours of bitter agony. Dearest Leonora, once I thought I should never see you again on this earth."

"They were happy—and yet, in the midst of their joy, a fearful thought intruded itself, like a black shadow in the midst of sunshine.

"Leonora," said Allston, with a tone of bitterness, "if fate were only favorable, we might never part again; but we are doomed to separate at least once."

"Nina told me so," said the countess, sadly.

"Could we but fly together, and now—or, failing in that, could we but die together, I should ask no more."

He summoned Nina, who was in attendance outside.

"There is no danger of interruption," said the vivandiere, gently. "Everybody is busy with an engagement which took place at the other end of the city. I learned before I came hither, that the French had made an assault, and had been driven back with terrific loss."

"What?" cried the countess, her enthusiasm lighting up her beautiful countenance. "O, joy! Driven back!—can it be so?"

"Well, Nina," said Allston, "would it not be possible for us to make our escape amidst all this confusion?"

"No, signor, impossible. The court-yards are full of people, and we should surely be intercepted and arrested."

"How are you, yourself, enabled to come and go?"

"I am related to the jailor's wife, a frequent visitor and a privileged person. But I am carefully watched and scrutinized whenever I pass the gates. I can only come and go alone."

Allston's countenance indicated his severe disappointment.

"Do not despair, signor," said Nina, cheerfully, "your friend Deengl has pledged his life that you shall be set free in a few days."

"Freedom may come too late. By heaven, if I only had a weapon," said the young American, "I would shield the countess with my body, and cut my way out."

"Madness!" said Nina. "You would be shot or arrested and brought back at the first gate."

"No, no; your plan is impracticable," said the countess, firmly, "I will not fly. My honor is dearer to me than life or love itself. I will remain here till they who imprisoned me set me at liberty or carry me forth to die."

Allston listened to this declaration with silent despair.

"Come, come, signor Allston," said Nina, "you show but little fortitude. Can you be the friend of the gallant ranger, and yet despair of his success? Be resolute and hopeful. You and the countess will both soon be free."

"How do you know it?" cried the lovers in a breath.

"I heard something before I came hither."

"What?"

"The Count D'Orbico——"

"D'Orbico?" cried the countess, eagerly interrupting her. "What of him?"

"He has been arrested."

"D'Orbico arrested?" cried Allston, and he and the countess exchanged looks of wondering amazement.

"Yes," said Nina, and she added rapidly, "It seems that General Garibaldi and Deengl—*my* Deengl, who knows *everything*," said the little girl, proudly—"went as spies to the French camp, and surprised this noble count in close communion with Oudinot. They returned at once, and Garibaldi reached Rome in time to foil a deep-laid plot of D'Orbico's, and beat back the enemy. D'Orbico was arrested by Deengl, his palace entered, his papers seized, and enough found to criminate a hundred such wretches as he is. It seems, too, that the base Corvino, who was a witness against you, my lady, is a minion of his, and associated with him in all his plans and plots."

"Great Heaven!" cried the countess and her lover, overwhelmed with intelligence so sudden and unexpected, and of such magnitude that they could scarcely believe their senses.

"D'Orbico," continued Nina, delighted at the surprise and happiness she had imparted, "is imprisoned now. He will be tried at once, and, of course, your innocence will be proved, and you will be honorably freed. This is what Deengl bade me tell you. Now don't you admire Deengl?" asked the poor girl, innocently, enthusiasm for her hero beaming from every feature of her pretty, animated face.

"Dingle is a hero," said Allston, "and worthy the love of such a brave girl as you. But tell me, dear maiden, do the people of Rome know this?"

"They do," answered Nina. "Garibaldi has circulated the story, and the feeling of the people is totally changed. No one now accuses the countess or the young American. They repent of their harshness, and speak of you both in the warmest terms. They wait for but a word of authority, to lead you forth in triumph."

"Ah, fickle countrymen!" said the countess, with a sigh.

"Any more news?" asked Allston.

"Only that Deengl is D'Orbico's jailor, so that he cannot possibly escape. The wretched man has already lost all hope. He attempted bribery—but Deengl is incorruptible."

"Of course. But has Corvino been arrested?"

"No, he is missing. They have searched for him, but cannot find him. It is supposed that he has gone to the French camp."

"Very probable."

"That is all I have to tell you, signor," said Nina, with a smile, as she courteseied and retired.

"And must we always meet only to part?" asked Allston, gazing sadly on his beloved.

"Not always, *carissima*," replied Leonora, softly; "not always—but we must expect reverses, and your strong arm must not only bear you up, but teach me to sustain misfortune."

"It shall," said Allston, resolutely. "I take shame to myself for yielding so weakly to a reverse. I never did so before—but it was anxiety for you, beloved Leonora, that crushed me."

"We shall be free to-morrow," said the countess.

"Yes, we should," replied Allston, with feigned confidence—for he was too well acquainted with the tediousness of Italian law processes, and he feared that some absurd formula might delay a decision in the case of the countess.

He pressed her close to his heart, as if unwilling to yield to fate itself. Reluctantly, and with more than one kiss, he obeyed the summons of Nina—whose sweet voice seemed harsh, as it announced the hour for parting.

"Farewell! *Addio, carissima*—ah, *carissima* Leonora!" said Allston.

"*Addio, carissimo—addio!*" murmured the countess, as she sank back, weeping, on the sofa—and there was a sadness in the tone of her last word which filled the mind of her lover with ominous foreboding.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT BEFELL THE COUNT D'ORBICO.

The thunder of the French guns echoed and reverberated all over the city, far and wide, for the bombardment went on, and the French, only the more exasperated by their recent defeat, used more vigorous efforts to reduce the city. Bombs and balls filled the air by day, and by night the heavens were alive with flames.

All these circumstances of terror and danger only deepened the general hatred to D'Orbico. The tidings of his treachery to the city and to his own nearest relative, fled from mouth to mouth, and there was not a man or woman in Rome who did not execrate his name.

He was not allowed a long respite. Early on the day following his arrest, the revolutionary court assembled. If the judges had appeared stern before, they were now more severe in aspect than ever. Indignant at the dark villany which had led them to the verge of passing sentence of death on one of the purest and truest friends of the republic, they waited impatiently the arrival of the prisoner. Garibaldi alone, proof against all the assaults of passion, was serene and calm as usual.

The court-room was filled by the same kind of people who crowded it on a previous day, ready to show the same hatred to D'Orbico that they had manifested to the Countess d'Avenna; and when the count entered, escorted by Dingle, deep detestation of the prejudged prisoner found vent in the deep mutterings of hate.

Garibaldi had committed the prisoner to the ranger's care, at his special request. Dingle had a strong want of confidence in Italian honesty, and he believed that if the count were in the hands of any other man himself, his gold would purchase him a path to freedom and an immunity from punishment. So Dingle was determined to hold possession of him till they parted at the gallows' foot.

On this occasion, Garibaldi and the ranger were both witnesses, together with the officers who had searched D'Orbico's house.

Dingle gave a brief but distinct account of his discovery of the powder magazine, and afterwards of the French general's tent. He told what a splendid opportunity had presented itself of annihilating a large portion of the French army, and how the chance had been lost by the delay and treachery of D'Orbico. He told how he had seen a person in communication with the French general, whom he strongly suspected of being the prisoner, and how Garibaldi afterwards identified him in his presence. The worthy Jonadab's description of his free and careless wanderings about the Catacombs—which are a source of never-ending horror to the Romans, and the scene of the most dreadful legends—excited strong interest and admiration in the minds of his hearers. His muscular form, his eager, energetic face, his known prowess and undinching republicanism, made him a tremendous favorite with the people. Added to this, his strange Italian accent, and amazing idioms which were a literal translation of his exaggerated western phrases into Italian, increased the favor of his audience, who applauded and much admired his eccentricity.

"Viva l'Capitano Deengl!"

As the court-room rang with repeated shouts of applause, the Arkansas man looked down on them with a patronizing smile as he remarked:

"You'll do, strangers. You're pretty good fellers for Eyetalians. With a leetle more training you'll pass muster."

And from that moment he forgave all their former fickleness and ferocity. Such is the force of vanity!

After Dingle had retired, he was succeeded by Garibaldi.

Garibaldi said, that for a long time he had slightly suspected D'Orbico, but in the absence of a shadow of proof, he had hesitated to give utterance to his suspicions even to his confidential friends. His conduct to the Countess d'Avenna had furnished still stronger presumption of his guilt, for the general was familiar with the fact that the countess had rejected him. A young girl who had overheard the plot which the count and his man had concocted, informed Captain Dingle, and, afterwards, himself. The captain's last discovery had caused him to go in person to the French camp, where he had arrived in time to overhear the traitor's arrangement with the French general, and reached the city again in time to foil his attack. Garibaldi gave a description of his terrific journey through the Catacombs, and the scene in the French tent. He described the papers in the hands of the French general. One of them, he was sure, was the same paper that had been discovered in the Countess d'Avenna's desk, and showed that D'Orbico must have sent them to the French general.

After Garibaldi had ended, Nina was called, and gave very surprising testimony. She said that from the Catacombs there was a secret entrance into D'Orbico's palace as well as into other palaces of Rome. Dingle had discovered it and had sent her thither to watch D'Orbico, whom he suspected. She could see into the room where the conspirators met, and hear every word that was said. There she stood, and was an unsuspected witness of the count's plot with Corvino. She had told Dingle, and, at his suggestion, General Garibaldi—which was the cause of the latter's energetic and decisive action in the affair.

Then the officers who had opened and searched D'Orbico's study came forward. They had found numerous papers of a dangerous and suspicious character. These were produced and examined by the court, and carried conviction of the prisoner's guilt. There were plans of passages marked, crossed and noted. Letters from the French general, with notes and comments in D'Orbico's handwriting, were brought forward. As these were exhibited and examined, no hope was left for the wretched D'Orbico.

The prisoner, during the whole examination,—which extended through many hours, as the witnesses were many and their testimony important—had behaved in a very singular manner. At first, he maintained a proud and contemptuous composure. Dingle's testimony respecting the Catacombs was the first thing that elicited an expression of surprise. But he regarded the ranger's story of the general's tent as a ridiculous imposture, until Garibaldi himself corroborated the startling tale. Then, for the first time, hope and courage seemed to forsake the traitor. After that, every word that was spoken seemed an arrow in his heart. Nina's simple story—the fact of her having witnessed his interview with his accomplice—was a thunderbolt. He trembled from head to foot, his head fell, and he seemed finally bereft of life. It appeared almost incredible that his whole complicated scheme of villany should be thus miraculously brought to light.

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Among human compositions several remarkable instances of the same character occur. Of twenty-six words in the following verse, all but two are monosyllables:

"My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round in the skies."

Few sentences in poetry or prose, whatever their length, contain so much doctrinal instruction, afford so much precious consolation, or inspire so much exciting hope, as the following, in which all the words but one are monosyllables:

"Jesus, my God, I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost."

—*Sunday School Journal.*

THE USE OF ARSENIC AS A COSMETIC.

We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter from London, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, although, for obvious reasons, the communication is strictly confidential: "I have several times used arsenic dissolved in water to wash my face, when I have had freckles from getting in the sun; and very often my hands, to get stains off and make them look white. I have always thought it a common thing, and was surprised to hear there was any danger in doing it." And the Kelso Chronicle observes that it can be proved by many a shepherd on the green hill-sides of Scotland, that arsenic, dissolved in water, can be used with impunity. Each autumn, at the sheep-dipping period, a solution of arsenic, with other ingredients, is prepared, so strongly poisonous that a few drops lapped by a dog, or falling into the mouth of a sheep, will produce speedy death. Yet in this mixture the hands, and, to some extent, legs, of the shepherds are steeped for weeks together. We feel it to be a matter of mere justice to give publicity to these statements, but we must observe that it would be a great mistake to suppose they at all encourage the practice in question.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

EATING IN ANCIENT GREECE.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, consisted of break soaked in wine. Greek patriarchs sat down daily to but one solid meal; soldiers and plebeians took one or two. They were accounted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were in this respect similar to the Greeks. Fish did not become a popular article of diet in Greece until a comparatively late period, and there was a society against "cruelty to fish," by abstaining from devouring what was alleged to make the devourer ferocious and inhuman. With the Romans the mullet was prized above all other fish. It was sometimes even six pounds in weight. It was cooked on the table for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. Turbot was next highest in estimation, and occasionally offending slaves were thrown into the ponds to feed them.—*New York Times.*

Ceremony keeps up all things; it is like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

O, ye disaffected mopers,
Ever wedded close to strife;
Drinking gall till ye are topers—
Stumbling over sunny life!
Is there not a ray of gladness
Dancing round your gloomy heart?
Why this cheerless, moping sadness?
Nature smiles in every part!

Joys forever are abounding,
Floating gaily o'er the earth;
And the inner voices sounding,
Answer well their precious worth!
Even in the infant's prattle,
Mirth in merry accent rings;
Joyous as the streamlet's rattle,
Or the bird that ceaseless sings!

Why, then, feel the soul with sorrow?
Sorrow that can ne'er atone;
Woe that brings a darker morrow,
Shutting up the soul alone!
Better far to hope and cherish
Glimpses of a brighter day;
Faith and hope will never perish,
Though they've but a single ray!

What if friendless and forsaken,
Will repining aught restore?
Think! are all but you mistaken?
None that loves you evermore?
Storms and clouds in life will gather,
As you battle with the strife:
But the greater part's fair weather—
Look to the sunny side of life!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WAY 'TWAS DONE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Tom had gone away with the horses—the last train of cars had been gone two hours—the line of coaches had not commenced their summer's running, and I wanted to go to the village of Sandown, three miles off. Now what was I to do? It was a terrible day in June; the hottest, and driest, and dustiest that you ever remember. Moreover, there was the least shadow of a black cloud in the occident, which threatened a damp jacket to the individual who might have the temerity to venture forth about sunset.

But my business at the village was urgent, pressing—very! As you're a pretty good friend of mine, reader, I don't mind telling you about it, though, of course, you'll think just as I did, that it was urgent—pressing—very!

Melissa Grant and I were great friends once, we are now, for that matter; but as Melissa lives in the western part of Texas, and I am here in New Hampshire, we don't get much chance for social intercourse. But this terrible day in June that I've commenced to write about, Melissa resided with her highly respectable and venerable parents in the rural and delightfully magnificent village of Skunkton, in the thrifty and prosperous State of Maine. O, if I only possessed the wonderful, descriptive powers of some writers, what a place I would make—in the reader's imagination—of that Skunkton in the State of Maine.

Melissa and I had attended school together, and at parting had vowed irrevocable and everlasting affection for each other; and for three years we had corresponded at intervals of one week, an interminable period to two souls as devoted as ours.

Well, I hadn't heard from Melissa for seventeen days ending this terrible day in June, and I was beginning to get a little nervous at her long silence. I had mentally accused the post-office department of a heinous and diabolical conspiracy to destroy the friendship of me and my darling Melissa, and several times I had thought of the expediency of writing to the postmaster general, for an explanation. It was very plain that the mail had been robbed, or the letter been miscarried, or our postmaster had detained it at the office, on purpose to bring me there in person! N. B. Jim Johnson (that's our postmaster), was very desirous of having me (to use his own affecting expression), "become the partner of his bosom, the sharer of his life, and the maker of his dear little children's clothes—pinafores and sich." Ladies and gentlemen, will you credit my assertion? I declined the honor.

Well now, to come back to that horrible day in June; I made up my mind that I should go to the post office and see for myself. I'd teach Jim Johnson to steal my letters! So in positive disregard of the kindly warnings of my friends, to the effect that I should be "melted," "roasted," "tanned," and "burnt to death," if I persisted in walking three horrible miles with the thermometer at ninety-eight degrees, I set off. I felt in an ill humor, and didn't care whether I was dressed well, or the contrary. So as luck would have it, I was attired in a faded pink calico dress, a gray Talma (hot enough to roast an African), a cast away chip bonnet of my Aunt Hulda's, and a pair of shoes which were ventilated on the old and time-worn plan. My *robes des voyage* were, as the reader will probably understand without my telling him, none of the best, but in my misanthropic mood, I rather enjoyed the *outre* costume.

What my meditations were by the way, I do not particularly recollect; but I arrived at the village after a hard walk, and wiping the sweat and dirt (as I said before it was shocking dusty) from my face, and made my way to the post-office.

"Ah, ah—ah—good morning—no, good afternoon, Miss Ayer!" says Jim Johnson, bowing and looking at himself in an opposite mirror.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," says I, imitating him; "is there a letter here for me, Miss Irene Ayer?"

"Well, I rather guess not, Miss Irene—take a stick of candy, do; it's the real cream." Johnson kept "refreshments," in connection with his other business.

"Thank you, I'm not partial to sweets; will you be so good as to look for the letter?"

To tell the truth I am fond of a sweet, but from a knowledge of the fact that the flies had rooted on Johnson's cream candy for more than six months, I did not care to partake at the second table.

in time to foil his attack. Garibaldi gave a description of his terrific journey through the Catacombs, and the scene in the French tent. He described the papers in the hands of the French general. One of them, he was sure, was the same paper that had been discovered in the Countess d'Avenna's desk, and showed that D'Orbico must have sent them to the French general.

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—*Sunday School Journal.*

THE USE OF ARSENIC AS A COSMETIC.

We have been favored with the following extract from a private letter from London, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, although, for obvious reasons, the communication is strictly confidential: "I have several times used arsenic dissolved in water to wash my face, when I have had freckles from getting in the sun; and very often my hands, to get stains off and make them look white. I have always thought it a common thing, and was surprised to hear there was any danger in doing it." And the Kelso Chronicle observes that it can be proved by many a shepherd on the green hill-sides of Scotland, that arsenic, dissolved in water, can be used with impunity. Each autumn, at the sheep-dipping period, a solution of arsenic, with other ingredients, is prepared, so strongly poisonous that a few drops lapped by a dog, or falling into the mouth of a sheep, will produce speedy death. Yet in this mixture the hands, and, to some extent, legs, of the shepherds are steeped for weeks together. We feel it to be a matter of mere justice to give publicity to these statements, but we must observe that it would be a great mistake to suppose they at all encourage the practice in question.—*Edinburgh Evening Courant.*

EATING IN ANCIENT GREECE.

The breakfast of a Greek soldier, taken at dawn of day, consisted of break soaked in wine. Greek patriarchs sat down daily to but one solid meal; soldiers and plebeians partook of two. They were accounted peculiarly coarse people who consumed three. The Romans were in this respect similar to the Greeks. Fish did not become a popular article of diet in Greece until a comparatively late period, and there was a society against "cruelty to fish," by abstaining from devouring what was alleged to make the devourer ferocious and inhuman. With the Romans the mullet was prized above all other fish. It was sometimes served up six pounds in weight. It was cooked on the table for the benefit and pleasure of the guests. Turbot was next highest in estimation, and occasionally offending slaves were thrown into the ponds to feed them.—*New York Times.*

Ceremony keeps up all things; it is like a penny glass to a rich spirit, or some excellent water; without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LIFE'S SUNSHINE.

BY DR. J. HAYNES.

O, ye disaffected mopers,
Ever wedded close to strife;
Drinking gall till ye are topers—
Stumbling over sunny life!
Is there not a ray of gladness
Dancing round your gloomy heart?
Why this cheerless, moping sadness?
Nature smiles in every part!

Joys forever are abounding,
Floating gaily o'er the earth;
And the inner voices sounding,
Answer well their priceless worth!
Even in the infant's prattle,
Mirth in merry accent rings;
Joyous as the streamlet's rattle,
Or the bird that ceaseless sings!

Why, then, fret the soul with sorrow?
Sorrow that can ne'er atone;
Woe that brings a darker morrow,
Shutting up the soul alone!
Better far to hope and cherish
Glimpses of a brighter day;
Faith and hope will never perish,
Though they've but a single ray!

What if friendless and forsaken,
Will repining aught restore?
Think! are all but you mistaken?
None that loves you evermore?
Storms and clouds in life will gather,
As you battle with the strife;
But the greater part's fair weather—
Look to the sunny side of life!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WAY 'TWAS DONE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Tom had gone away with the horses—the last train of cars had been gone two hours—the line of coaches had not commenced their summer's running, and I wanted to go to the village of Sandown, three miles off. Now what was I to do? It was a terrible day in June; the hottest, and driest, and dustiest that you ever remember. Moreover, there was the least shadow of a black cloud in the occident, which threatened a damp jacket to the individual who might have the temerity to venture forth about sunset.

But my business at the village was urgent, pressing—very! As you're a pretty good friend of mine, reader, I don't mind telling you about it, though, of course, you'll think just as I did, that it *was* urgent—pressing—very!

Melissa Grant and I were great friends once, we are now, for that matter; but as Melissa lives in the western part of Texas, and I am here in New Hampshire, we don't get much chance for social intercourse. But this terrible day in June that I've commenced to write about, Melissa resided with her highly respectable and venerable parents in the rural and delightfully magnificent village of Skunkton, in the thrifty and prosperous State of Maine. O, if I only possessed the wonderful, descriptive powers of some writers, what a place I would make—in the reader's imagination—of that Skunkton in the State of Maine.

Melissa and I had attended school together, and at parting had vowed irrevocable and everlasting affection for each other; and for three years we had corresponded at intervals of one week, an interminable period to two souls as devoted as ours.

Well, I hadn't heard from Melissa for *seventeen days* ending this terrible day in June, and I was beginning to get a little nervous at her long silence. I had mentally accused the post-office department of a heinous and diabolical conspiracy to destroy the friendship of me and my darling Melissa, and several times I had thought of the expediency of writing to the postmaster general, for an explanation. It was very plain that the mail had been robbed, or the letter been miscarried, or our postmaster had detained it at the office, on purpose to bring me there in person! N. B. Jim Johnson (that's our postmaster), was very desirous of having me (to use his own affecting expression), "become the pardner of his busom, the sharer of his life, and the maker of his dear little children's clothes—pinafores and sich." Ladies and gentlemen, will you credit my assertion? I declined the honor.

Well now, to come back to that horrible day in June; I made up my mind that I should go to the post-office and see for myself. I'd teach Jim Johnson to steal my letters! So in positive disregard of the kindly warnings of my friends, to the effect that I should be "melted," "roasted," "tanned," and "burnt to death," if I persisted in walking three horrible miles with the thermometer at ninety-eight degrees, I set off. I felt in an ill humor, and didn't care whether I was dressed well, or the contrary. So as luck would have it, I was attired in a faded pink calico dress, a gray Talma (hot enough to roast an African), a cast away chip bonnet of my Aunt Hulda's, and a pair of shoes which were ventilated on the old and time-worn plan. My *robes des voyage* were, as the reader will probably understand without my telling him, none of the best, but in my misanthropic mood, I rather enjoyed the *outre* costume.

What my meditations were by the way, I do not particularly recollect; but I arrived at the village after a hard walk, and wiping the sweat and dirt (as I said before it was shocking dusty) from my face, and made my way to the post-office.

"Ah, ah—eh—good morning—no, good afternoon, Miss Ayer!" says Jim Johnson, bowing and looking at himself in an opposite mirror.

"Good morning, Mr. Johnson," says I, imitating him; "is there a letter here for me, Miss Irene Ayer?"

"Well, I rayther guess not, Miss Irene—take a stick of candy, do; it's the real cream." Johnson kept "refreshments," in connection with his other business.

"Thank you, I'm not partial to sweets; will you be so good as to look for the letter?"

To tell the truth I *am* fond of sweets, but from a knowledge of the fact that the flies had roosted on Johnson's cream candy for more than six months, I did not care to partake at the second table.

Johnson rummaged around his "narrow precincts" for the space of fifteen minutes, but without success; and I turned to go out, angry with Melissa, with the post-office department, with Jim Johnson, with myself, and everybody else.

"If the next mail don't bring a letter for you, Miss Irene, I shall see that you have one anyhow," called Mr. Johnson, as I was going.

"You needn't trouble yourself!" I said, rather curtly, and drawing my thick green veil close over my face, I put myself *en route* for home. Poor Jim Johnson! How much he did look like the picture of the sun in the old-fashioned almanacs—all eyes.

Tired enough I was, I can tell you. My head went round and round like a top (as it properly was), my feet felt like two large-sized turkey's eggs, and the dust flew so that I could hardly see my way. To crown all, it began to thunder hoarsely in the black cloud—which was coming up in a hurry, blown by the rapidly increasing wind—and I knew that in all probability it would rain before I could reach a place of shelter. I began to accelerate my locomotion, until I had attained a "dog trot," and got myself in a steaming perspiration, when I heard a carriage coming up behind me. I wouldn't look round, but kept on until the horse stopped at my side.

"Will you ride?" called out a clear, musical voice, "it will rain soon."

"Thank you for the information," I returned, crossly. "I can walk, I'm not afraid of a sprinkling."

Lest the reader should have forgotten it, I will mention again that I was out of temper on that terrible day in June.

"Very good," said the gentleman, with a half-concealed inclination to laugh trembling in his tones, "but it may be more than a sprinkling, and you'll take cold. This side, if you please; we shall get the storm from the other."

He had alighted, and was waiting to assist me in. I was sulky, and refused his offered hand, climbing in on the side next to the storm, and sitting down in obstinate silence. If the gentleman had been old, and homely, and half-dead with the gout, I could have forgiven him for seeing me in such a plight, but as he was young, eminently handsome, and remarkably *distingue*, I could never pardon him. Moreover, he had a black horse—my favorite color—and no man who drives a black horse can possibly be very disagreeable.

The stranger would have entered into conversation, but I replied to all his courteous remarks with ill-concealed vexation, and after several attempts, he settled back in his corner in a state of most profound *obmutescence*, as Professor Longhead used to say. As I looked sideways at him, I fancied I saw the least resemblance of a smile hovering about his lips, and a mischievous look in his eyes, which did not speak remarkably well for his gravity. Up came the black cloud, and down came the rain in bucketfulls. The man put up the chaise boot, and touched blacky with the whip. On we went like a streak, fences and trees flew quickly by, and my home appeared in view.

"I will stop here; I said, beginning to repent my sullenness, "and you drive your horse into the shed there, and come in out of the rain."

"Thank you; I am not afraid of a sprinkling, neither is my horse," he returned, lightly, "I can go on as well."

"But it is something more than a sprinkling, and you'll take cold," I returned, half mockingly, half earnestly. "You'd better come."

He sprang out at the gate, flung it open, and led the horse into the shed, and politely assisting me out, followed me into the house. He was presented by me to my friends as "Mr., a gentleman who had brought me home in his chaise away from the rain." No doubt my family were highly edified with my extensive knowledge of "Mr.," and his virtues.

I immediately retired on pretence of changing my wet clothes for dry ones, but in reality to change my unbecoming ones for those more becoming. Besides, my hair was in a splendid fix, uncurled, untwisted, and untixed generally, and with the dirt and sweat, it had contrived to stick up at every point, until my head would have made an admirable model for the construction of a porcupine.

Ah, truly J. G. Holland "hit the right nail," when he tuned his lyre to sing of "Dignity in Hot Weather."

"Besides—the weather! What can poets do?
With the thermometer at ninety-two!
Grandeur in shirt sleeves, grace with no cravat,
Sublimity beneath a palm-leaf hat!
Love with no dicky! *Beauty in a sweat!*
Truth at the pump, with hands and forehead wet;
Fame drinking soda! Glory with a fan!
Passion asleep upon a cool divan!
And Faith and Hope, in wrappers, throwing dice,
To close the quarrel o'er a chunk of ice!"

By the friendly aid of cold water, combs and brushes, I made myself quite presentable, and assuming a plain but tasteful drab lawn, fastened at the waist with a crimson ribbon, I went below. "Mr.," was chatting merrily with my father who seemed wonderfully pleased at something, and I began to be afraid that my knight had amused him with an account of his daughter's flagrant impoliteness. My fears were speedily dispelled, for immediately on perceiving me my father arose and said:

"Mr. Wuthering, allow me to present my daughter, Miss Irene; Mr. Robert Wuthering, daughter; the son of Giles Wuthering, my best friend, of Richmond. You've heard me speak of him? Mr. Robert was on his way here when he overtook you; lucky, wasn't it? Saved him from inquiry!"

Ha! then that was the upshot of the matter! Mr. Robert Wuthering—the man endowed by my romantic fancy with all the virtues and graces of an Adonis—the man before whom I was to make my first appearance in rose-colored muslin to imitate Aurora—the man whom I had intended at fascinate at first glance, and fill twenty pages to my divine Melissa with his praises! Ah me! he had caught me in a shower, at the rate of four knots an hour; with a hole in my shoe, a faded dress, an antiquated bonnet belonging to a maiden aunt, and a face on which dirt and cleanliness strove equally for a mastery! "horrible! more horrible! most horrible!"

Bah! if he should fall in love with me I'd never marry him, no never! for I had vowed never to give my hand to a person devoid of taste, so I forthwith resigned myself to the prospect of going, sometime, to visit Mr. Robert Wuthering and his red-headed wife, and twelve children (my hair is dark brown).

Mr. Wuthering and I had a social evening together; we talked of the weather (singular topic), of the president, of the signs of a fair day to-morrow, of the roses under the windows, and of the extremely hot afternoon we had. So we began with the weather—had the weather all the way along—and ended with the weather.

That night (following that terrible day in June), I dreamed that the world was one mammoth chaise, and the sun a black horse, and as the pageant rolled by (I suppose I must have been standing at the time, somewhere in "the limitless void of space"), I saw Mr. Robert Wutherings by the dozen, peeping out at every point.

Mr. Wuthering had come to spend July and August with us, as I learned from the conversation at breakfast-table the next morning; and he said he was going to help the boys on the farm, about haying, and should depend upon me to rake all the grass he cut. I had not regained my good humor, so I played with my coffee and said nothing. Mr. Wuthering did not address me again, and as soon as breakfast was over, he and my brother Tom went a fishing up to the trout pond, taking their dinner with them.

They did not return until near tea-time, and then they were apparently very well pleased with something, for they both wore upon their faces a "we know something" sort of an expression, and by-and-by Tom let out the secret. They had encountered Bessie Williams (she had been christened Betsy, but changed her name for the more *recherche* cognomen of Bessie), at the pond, and Mr. Wuthering had called her the Naiad of the place, and her rosy cheeks had grown rosier, (she positively paints!) and she had simpered and smiled, and asked him, "What luck?"

Then he had made her some reply, precisely what, Tom did not see fit to divulge, but it must have been something superlatively silly, for she gave him in answer, "Dear me, sir; I didn't know you wanted to be caught!"

All the time that Tom was telling this, Mr. Wuthering sat, looking terribly conscious, and vainly trying to stop Tom's mouth, by nudgings and winkings. How I despised him! Bets Williams was the worst enemy I had!

Well, time passed rapidly on, and Mr. Wuthering and I were no better acquainted than at first. Sometimes he said good morning to me; and once he asked me for a geranium blossom from a plant in one of my flower-pots, but he never asked me to ride with him, though he knew I admired black horses, for he went every morning in the direction of Mr. Williams's house, and Tom hinted that he went to give Miss Bessie an airing. Very likely; for Bets put on great airs whenever I saw her. You'd have thought she was going to marry the lord high chancellor.

July was gone, and August with its fogs and dog-days, crept on. All this time I had heard not a word from Melissa, and I had begun to be dissatisfied with everybody, Melissa and Mr. Wuthering in particular. He might have paid me a little more attention; it was due me from my father's guest, and sometimes I felt so badly about it, that I went up to my room and cried just a little bit, only a little.

So it passed on, and one hot afternoon, while my mother had gone to see a rich neighbor, and the men were at work in the meadow, I went into the parlor, and drawing the curtains, laid down on the sofa. I think I must have fallen asleep, for I had no recollection of seeing any one enter the room, and when I opened my eyes, there was Mr. Wuthering squat—yes *squat* down on the floor beside the sofa. I arose with dignity.

"Sir, allow me to pass!"

"Stop, if you please, Miss Consequence; I have important documents for you!" holding up a letter.

I sprang towards him to grasp it, but he only held it higher.

"O, please, Mr. Wuthering; let me have it quick! Let me have it, I say! I have been looking for a letter this long, long time!"

"On one condition, Miss Irene, you can have the letter! only *one*, mind you!"

"Name it!" I exclaimed with my eye on the coveted epistle.

"If you will kiss me, you can have it; not until then!"

"Never!" I cried, with the strict determination of adhering to my word. "If you want kisses, go and ask Bets Williams!"

He laughed outright.

"That is too good, Miss Irene. On my honor, I declare that I have not seen Miss Betsy since the next day after my arrival here, and then Tom did all the talking, and kindly credited it to me. But apropos to Bessie Williams, do you consent to the condition?"

"No, I do not!"

"But this is a very beautiful, very tempting-looking letter; and there is something enclosed which feels as if it might be a miniature, or something equally attractive."

"Give it to me this moment!" I tried to snatch it away from him.

"Not until you have kissed me! It is but a little thing to ask in exchange for so valuable a document. Come, consent, and it is yours!"

"Well, but—"

"Nonsense, Irene!" He drew me towards him, and—well, I might as well confess that I *did* kiss him, for everybody will think I did, whether I say so, or not.

He gave the letter, I opened it, and a card fell out. I read the names engraved thereon:

"Mr. & Mrs. Jeremiah Wilson.
Miss Melissa Grant."

"Married! and I not at the wedding! Ungrateful! False! Treacherous!" I exclaimed, aloud, in my excitement.

"Never mind, Irene," said Mr. Wuthering, "we'll pay them in the same way—that is, if you'll consent to assume towards me the same relation that Melissa bears to happy Jeremiah Wilson!" The impudent creature.

Mr. Wuthering and I were married last October, and I am as happy as I wish to be. I have not been out of humor but once since our marriage, and that was on the evening after the performance of the ceremony, when Mr. Wuthering called me aside and informed me very gravely that we had kept the fifth commandment to the very letter; for his father and my father had betrothed their children seven years before, and he had come to Sandown for the express purpose of seeing, loving, and marrying me! I pouted, and he kissed me to seal the contract. So that's the whole story.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY SHIPMATE AND FRIEND.

Written at sea, off Cape Horn, 1853.

BY PERCIVAL D. RICHARDS.

He sleeps—and slumbering, he is resting;
The weary day has passed, and evening comes, divesting
Life of its sternness, its shadows and its woe;
The sleeper dreams—his smiling face attesting
That visions sweet throng round his heart, investing
Hope with a brighter gleam—love with a warmer glow.

Visions sweet! ah, yes, his thoughts in retrospection
Roam to his boyhood's home, and recollection
Lingers with loving fondness o'er the lost, the wept;
Day-life found never yet in moment of reflection,
Such great intensity of joy, such passionate affection,
As flowed from that sweet fount which memory kept.

Long, cheerless years have passed, brief moments, too, of joy;
Yet dreaming rends the chain—the man is once again a boy,
And youth is full of beauty, so fair, so bright;
Mindless of fame, no selfish schemes employ
The youthful brain; true happiness without alloy
Conceals from boyhood's view the coming blight.

O, boyhood! all the attributes of mighty kings,
Or all honors unto which ambition clings,
Are powerless to fill the loss of youth.
What are the joys that manhood brings?
List to the answer which the past so sadly flings:
Callousness and guile—selfishness—untruth.

Pure, sweet emotions gem the summer sky;
The days, like fleecy clouds, go swiftly by;
Too quick they move, for each is full of bliss;
The bran-fresh heart, the earnest, truthful eye,
The honest air—now confident—now shy:
All these must coming manhood miss.

Gaze on the sleeper's bronzed and massive brow;
See, still a calm is there, and even now
The lines of thought seem scarcely to be traced.
Kneels he to one to whom in youth he loved to bow,
Whose eager ears received his first impassioned vow,
Whose heart with every virtue his fond fancy graced?

Looks he within those gentle eyes of blue?
The meeting hands, the thrilling hopes, so warm and new,
The young hearts bend beneath their weight of love:
These are but visions—fancies folly drew,
So manhood speaks; and there is nought that's true;
No innocence, no trusting faith, no God above.

Cold hearts and hands come with each new-born year;
Philosophy brings wisdom, if it does not cheer;
Wisdom's a goodly substitute for trusty hands and hearts;
Should we then murmur, if in life's autumn drear
We miss the friendly clasp, the sympathetic tear?
Have we not still the comforts which philosophy imparts?

Has Heaven designed us sordid, false, depraved?
Are these the mercies which a Saviour craved?
God in his goodness—pardon me the thought—
Better the ark of Noah had never braved
The storm Jehovah sent, and man been saved
To live a life with so much foulness fraught.

See that stout form—a brave and hardy man;
No stronger soul, no prouder. than,
Ere stepped life's pathway, midst the throng
Who live and strive, who work and plan,
Only to fall beneath woe's withering ban,
And suffering bear the wrong.

O, could I paint the happiness he feels,
The joyousness, the bliss his sleep conceals,
'Twould bring him nearer me.
See, down his cheek a teardrop steals;
No longer to his boyhood's love he kneels,
For tears speak mournfully.

He slumbers restlessly—the middle watch is near—
We must on deck, amid the darkness drear,
And crouch for shelter from the pouring rain;
Ah, shipmate mine, we do not fear;
'Tis but the sailor's pleasant, easy cheer;
He never toils, you know, nor suffers pain

Come from those dreams of thine; eight bells
Are striking clear, and duty now compels
Imaginary joys to vanish from the brain;
Like seamen, grief and joy must have their spells,
And the bosom, like the ocean, falls and swells
To the calm of peaceful hope, or the tempest pierce of pain.

"Eight bells, ahoy! larboard watch!" list the voice;
Wake, shipmate, wake! bid adieu to fancied joys,
The starboarders are growling for relief.
Is there a bliss which never cloys?
Or pain which ne'er annoys?
Is there any hope or grief?

Rouse, shipmate, rouse! come, eight bells have gone,
And the mate is ringing out to put the foresail on,
The watch are all at work save you and I;
Soon the night will pass away, and we will have a glorious morn,
To pass Magellan Straits, and weather old Cape Horn,
And we'll dream at Valparaiso by-and-by.

A THEATRICAL CONTRETEMPS.

A melodrama was some few years since played at a certain theatre, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his overbearing conduct, disliked by all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tomb of his ancestors. In the centre of the stage, upon a marble pedestal, stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure. Enter Albert. "Once again," he says, "to gaze upon those features which in life so often gazed on me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent. Off went the drapery, and behold! the father *stood upon his head!* The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed this mistake of the scenesman, effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quick as possible, amid the bravos of the audience, the anger of the manager, and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.—*Anecdotes of the Stage.*

TRUE POLITENESS.

He who has a heart glowing with kindness and good-will towards his fellow-men, and who is guided in the exercise of those feelings by good common sense, is the truly polite man. Politeness does not consist in wearing a white silk glove, and in gracefully lifting your hat as you meet an acquaintance; it does not consist in artificial smiles and flattering speech, but in silence, and honest desire to promote the happiness of those around you; in the readiness to sacrifice your own ease and comfort to add to the enjoyment of others.—*Olive Branch.*

THE LAST MOMENTS OF NERO.

When Nero learned that he had a master, in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favorite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what to do next. There, or within his sleeping room, he passed a miserable night; and when at daybreak he found that his guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away towards a country house four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, bye-paths, and brambles, and at length reached the neighborhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak upon the ground for the ex-emperor to tread upon. Phaon asked him to conceal himself for a while in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave, and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow. He was at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him, counselled him to make an end quickly, and thereupon he had a grave made before him to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even *he* had friends: five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an imperial concubine accompanied them in the task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii.—*Leisure Hours.*

Our Curious Department.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

A great Wonder.

A panic terror of the end of the world seized the good people of Leeds and its neighborhood in the year 1806. It arose from the following circumstance: A hen, in a village close by, laid eggs, on which were inscribed, in legible characters, the words "Christ is coming." Great numbers visited the spot, and examined these wondrous eggs, convinced that the day of judgment was near at hand. Like sailors in a storm, expecting every instant to go to the bottom, the believers suddenly became religious, prayed violently, and flattered themselves that they repented them of their evil courses. But a plain tale soon put them down, and quenched their religion entirely. Some gentlemen, hearing of the matter, went one fine morning, and caught the poor hen in the act of laying one of her miraculous eggs. They soon ascertained beyond doubt that the egg had been inscribed with some corrosive ink, and cruelly forced up again into the bird's body. At this explanation, those who had prayed, now laughed, and the world wagged as merrily as of yore.

A singular Test.

The trial by, or judgment of, the cross, which Charlemagne begged his sons to have recourse to, in cases of disputes arising between them, was performed thus: When a person accused of any crime has declared his innocence upon oath, and appealed to the cross for its judgment in his favor, he was brought into the church, before the altar. The priests previously prepared two sticks exactly like one another, upon one of which was carved a figure of the cross. They were both wrapped up with great care and many ceremonies, in a quantity of fine wool, and laid upon the altar, or on the relics of the saints. A solemn prayer was then offered up to God, that he would be pleased to discover, by the judgment of his holy cross, whether the accused person were innocent or guilty. A priest then approached the altar, and took up one of the sticks, and the assistants unswathed it reverently. If it was marked with the cross, the accused person was innocent; if unmarked, he was guilty.

Strange Fanaticism.

No little consternation was created in London, in 1736 by the prophecy of the famous Whiston, that the world would be destroyed in that year, on the 13th of October. Crowds of people went out on the appointed day to Islington, Hampstead, and the fields intervening, to see the destruction of London, which was to be the "beginning of the end" A satirical account of this folly is given in Swift's Miscellanies, vol. iii., entitled, "A True and Faithful Narrative of what passed in London, on a Rumor of the Day of Judgment." An authentic narrative of this delusion would be interesting; but this solemn witticism of Pope and Gay is not to be depended upon.

The Witch Mania.

Germany in olden times was fanatical enough in relation to witches. The old records state that in the year 1683, a famous witch named omp Anna, who could cause her foes to fall sick by merely looking at them, was discovered and burned, along with three of her companions. Every year in this parish, consisting at most of a thousand persons, the average number of executions was five. Between the years 1660 and 1664, the number consumed was thirty. If the executions all over Germany had been in this frightful proportion, hardly a family could have escaped losing one of its members.

A Feline Setter.

A sportsman of New Jersey has a cat which he has trained to accompany him on all his hunting expeditions. She will start up birds, rabbits, squirrels, etc., with the same sagacity as a dog, and pursue and "stand" them almost invariably with success. Being naturally soft and sly in her movements, she is regarded as more valuable for game than any dog could be, since the best trained canine will sometimes become boisterous, and thus do mischief.

Extraordinary Flight of a Pigeon.

A pigeon was lately let out of a basket on London bridge at half-past twelve, and reached Warrington at half-past six in the evening, having flown a distance of about one hundred and ninety miles in six hours, or upwards of thirty miles an hour for the whole distance. It appeared rather tired on arrival, but next day was as lively and brisk as ever.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAND BIRD AT SEA.

BY CHARLES H. LAMSON.

[While standing on deck this morning, a beautiful little land-bird with charmingly variegated plumage alighted upon my arm, and sung in sweet but plaintive notes. It manifested no timidity, but appeared perfectly at ease.—EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.]

Welcome, thou little wanderer,
With brightly spotted wing;
Why art thou here, my lonely one?
What tidings dost thou bring
From thy home in a distant clime,
On blooming, sunny plain?
Mayhap thy dwelling-place is mine—
What lured thee o'er the main?

Art thou come to bring me tidings
Of far-off mountain home,
Or to whisper gentle chidings
While far away I roam?
Come, now tell me all thy story,
And nestle on my breast;
Did wildering dreams of glory
Entice thee from thy nest?

To brave the billowy ocean,
And board our rolling bark,
For scenes of wild commotion,
Hast left thy native park?
Tell unto me, my little bird,
Of my own native groves;
Say, hast thou never, never heard
Of him who sadly roves?

Chatter away, my little guest,
And tell me of each loved one,
Who to my breast I fondly pressed,
When life was but begun;
Sing to me of the little girl
Who used to fling thee corn;
Dost know of Jennie's flaxen curl,
And laugh like summer's morn?

If thou couldst speak in human notes,
Or I unravel thine,
That wishful air denotes
You'd speak of friends of mine,
Who oft were cheered by thy pure song,
And would list each morning
For that clear strain, so sweet and long,
That hailed Aurora's dawning.

Else, why came ye unto me,
And perched upon my arm?
From aught of fear why art thou free?
Why thinkest not of harm?
How knewest thou that I would love
This bold, familiar bearing,
Though greeting me from worlds above,
And air of heaven art wearing?

Mayhap an angel missioned thee
To whisper in mine ear
Of worlds of love, where all are free
From sorrow, pain or tear.
Then welcome thee to this rough home,
I'll warm thee on my breast;
Be ever near me while I roam,
To soothe me when depressed.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KATE MOORE AND I.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

KATE MOORE puzzled me. I didn't know what to make of her. I complimented her, and she flashed her eyes at me. I said romantic things to her, and she curled her red lips, and set her white teeth together, as if she longed to bite me. If I made an attempt to joke her, she made me swallow my own words so fast, that I was in imminent danger of being choked. Sometimes I hated her, sometimes I loved her. She said that I was rough and uncouth, and I said she was vain and conceited. So we quarrelled incessantly.

"Kate, you'll never make an architect," said I, one morning, stretching myself out on the sofa beside her, and taking up her embroidery frame. "Who ever saw a house, a big white house stuck upon blocks like that? And chimneys planted side by side on the end? why they look for all the world like cat's ears!"

Kate's face crimsoned. She was working a portrait of her deceased dog—her little white pet that had unluckily come to its death while attempting to bathe in a boiler of scolding water.

"And what do you call that?" I continued, pointing to pet's narrative, "a lightning rod? That's no way to have it; whoever heard of a lightning rod on one end of a house and not the other? That's just like a woman's calculations. I suppose you call that bunch where the chimneys are perched, a wing?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you got the house set on red grass for?"

"Grass! Can't you tell grass from flames?"

"What, you are not trying to work the *fac simile* of that boiler wherein poodle was drowned, are you?"

"No, I am drawing an ideal picture of your estate below."

"What do you mean?" I pointed downwards, away down.

Kate bowed.

"I am most happy to learn of this," said I, rising hastily, and falling upon my knee before her. "The interest which you manifest in my future—"

"Wait a moment," interrupted Kate, flinging a sofa pillow upon the floor beside me. "Kneel upon that, it will be easier."

I knelt on the pillow and continued. "The interest you manifest in my future, prompts me to offer you my heart, hand and fortune for your acceptance. I am yours, Kate, wholly yours!"

"Let me take advantage of possession. Go and wash your face, sir, at once; it is unpardonably dirty."

I sprang to the glass, and Kate pointed to my upper lip. She meant my moustache. I was angry in a moment.

"Go to the de—dragon!"

"I obey you, sir," she said, and walked directly towards me.

I leaped out of the room, but I didn't stay long. I thought I would go back and talk soberly to her, for the day before I had been told by her brother that she was engaged to a young southerner of great wealth and distinction; said engagement having been kept a secret at her request, and that she was to be married in the fall.

"I wish to ask you a question," I said, going back to her. "I wish to say something in earnest to you."

"Go on."

"Kate Moore, are you engaged to be married?"

"Frederick Hueston, I am."

I didn't speak to her again for three weeks. I flirted desperately with every girl in town, that summer. I put myself to a great deal of trouble, for the sake of annoying Kate. I walked home from church with Miss Hale instead of her. I rode past her window with beautiful Miss Lake, and then went directly home to see how she felt about it. But she only curled her lips and smiled, and went on with that everlasting stitch, stitch, stitch, until I wished that the southerner, for whose coming she was so steadily making ready, was somewhere in the vicinity of the moon.

"Kate," I said to her one evening, a week previous to the coming of her betrothed husband, "I have a secret to tell you. Will you listen to me?'

"With pleasure."

"I am going to be married on the same evening with you, if you are quite willing."

"I am," was the answer.

"I have come to make a confession to you, besides, Kate. I have been very rude to you. Is it too late to ask your forgiveness?"

Kate held out her hand.

"Don't you think one grows better for loving?" I asked.

"I do."

"It does not seem to me, to night, as if my old, wild, bantering moods would ever come back to me again, so quiet and calm, and sweet shines this new moon of love upon my heart. In loving one, Kate, I love all the world more. Is it not so with you?"

"It is," she answered, in a low voice.

We stood together for a long time that night, by the deep bay window, looking out towards the west, where the sunset had left upon the high hills broad bands of gold. We watched the grand old woods, as they wrapped themselves up in the purple of the night; and then we looked nearer, nearer home, upon the green lawn, blossoming vines, and then—God be praised—into our own hearts, and read a lesson there.

That night I was taken very ill. For many weeks I tossed deliriously upon my bed, my life despaired of by those who watched over me. I love to think of my awakening from that long sickness, painful though it was. I love to think of that quiet room; of the little table with its white cloth, upon which sat a vase of flowers; of the lace window-curtains that looked as if they were barred with green, so plainly did the shadows of the blinds lay across them; and best of all I loved to remember the half opened shutter, where a rich stream of mellow, autumn light came into the room, and showed me the golden side of life, at the same time it did the brown braids of Kate Moore's shining hair.

"Kate!" I called.

She was by my bedside in a moment, with one white finger pressed upon her lip.

"This is very kind of you," I said.

"Well, don't think of it, don't mention, it if it is. Be quiet."

"Are you married yet, Kate?"

"No, you were too sick."

"And so you waited for me?"

"Yes."

"Is *he* here?"

"Yes."

"Go away!" I said, turning my head upon the pillow.

"I will," was the quiet answer.

"Kate Moore," I said, sitting bolt upright in bed. "I don't thank you for speaking so gently to me. Say you *wont* go away."

"Well, anything, only keep quiet."

I threw the pillow at her with all my might, which was not very tremendous, and sank back exhausted.

I dropped to sleep again, and when I awoke, Kate was gone, and in her place sat her mother, the noble wife of my guardian. I suppose that I frightened her away. During the days of my convalescence she did not come up to my room to see me. Once I looked through the blinds and caught sight of her, as she rode in the morning beside her lover, a dark, handsome man. I saw that she looked beautiful in her black hat, and long, drooping feathers, and I wheeled around in my chair, and kicked the ottoman upon which my feet rested, half way across the room, by way of showing my displeasure. That was all I could do.

The day following I managed to get down stairs, and was presented to Mr. Albert Torrey. As a matter of course I was bound to hate him, and hate him I did, right heartily. Not that there was anything very disagreeable about him, except that he was the betrothed husband of Kate Moore, and that he kept her to himself all the time, without allowing her an opportunity of speaking to me. That was enough.

One day Kate came to me and asked if I would be pleased to keep the promise that I had made her on the night before I was taken sick.

"Most certainly I would," I answered.

"When are you going to be married, Kate?"

"Two weeks from this evening."

I thought her voice trembled. I didn't look at her.

"Are you very happy?"

No answer.

"Are you very happy?"

"No, I am not."

My heart leaped up to my mouth.

"Do you wish to marry Albert Torrey?"

"No."

"*Then you shall not!*" I said, emphatically.

She uttered an exclamation of joy.

"How long since you were engaged to him, Kate?"

"Two years."

"Long enough for a woman to change a dozen times," I said.

"Very true,—and a man?" was the reply, given in Kate's old way of speaking.

But how was I to help Kate? you ask, reader. Ah, that was my secret, and wishing to keep it from every one, I likewise kept it from Kate, for she was a woman! (O my ears!)

That evening I was asked to read aloud in the parlor, and taking up a number of —— Magazine, I read a thrilling story of love, desperation and drowning. A gentleman risked his life to save from drowning the lady he loved; said lady having been ignorant of his attachment up to that time. The story pleased me exceedingly.

"What do you think of it, Kate?" I asked, closing the book. "If the lover had left the lady in the water to look out for herself, would it have been any sign that he didn't care for her?"

Kate looked indignant, while Mr. Torrey answered vehemently:

"Absurd, Mr. Hueston! A gentleman who would not peril his own life to save that of a lady, is not worthy the name of gentleman."

"If the young man in question had been engaged to the lady, and neglected to rescue her, would it have been a breach of good faith on the lady's part to have broken the engagement?" I asked.

"Certainly not. It would be a shame, a disgrace to a man, to ask a woman to marry him, after such a display of cowardice."

"Be careful, Mr. Torrey, remember that Kate, you and myself are going to sail on the river, to-morrow morning; perhaps the boat will tip over," I said, laughing.

"In case it does, and I leave the lady to you, while I selfishly swim to the shore, I will give up all claims to her;" he replied, bowing gallantly to Kate.

"Remember this promise," I remarked, turning to Mr. and Mrs. Moore. "Perhaps you'll have me for a son-in-law, instead of Mr. Torrey. I shall hold you to it, sir," I added, bowing to Mr. Torrey.

"I shall be happy to have you do so!" he added, coloring slightly.

A few moments afterwards I heard him ask Kate, in a low tone, if the river was rough; if it was very deep or dangerous. I caught Kate's eye, and—I'll confess it wasn't gentlemanly—winked knowingly, and she understood me.

Ah, that was a glorious morning on which we went to sail upon the broad, beautiful K——! The sun streamed over the waters, and the gaily dressed trees upon the water's bank fluttered and waved in the soft breeze, and tossed their red and yellow leaves around and upon the little boat.

Mr. Torrey and I managed the skiff. Kate sat leaning over the side, looking down, down into the blue waters, and now and then dipping her white hand into the wave, as the boat glided swiftly and smoothly along.

"Shall we turn towards that point, Mr. Torrey?" I asked, pointing to a green strip of land, nearly opposite us.

"Yes, but be ea-sy—ea-s-y—e-a-s—"

By some unlucky chance, just as Mr. Torrey got into the middle of his last "e-a-s-y," the little tiltish boat overturned, and with one hearty shriek he landed in the water, and without looking to see whether Kate was dead or alive, made for the shore.

Throwing one arm around the waist of the frightened girl, I followed fast in his track, screaming at the top of my voice the while, for him to come back for her, or she was mine forever. But he didn't heed me, and when we reached dry land, he was springing up a side-hill close to the shore, as if he were afraid that the whole river was at his heels.

"Kate is mine!" I screamed again, as the gentleman paused for a moment on the brow of the hill, and then started at a John Gilpin rate for the road.

"You are mine, Kate," I repeated in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, that evening. "Mr. Torrey promised to give up all claim to you, if, in case the boat should overturn, he should leave you to the mercy of the waves. Will you hold him to his promise?"

Kate came forward and put her hand in mine.

"I should be very sorry to hold Mr. Torrey to an engagement, which he himself acknowledges, would be a shame to him, under such circumstances, to ask a continuation of," she said, in her own peculiar, sarcastic way.

Mr. Torrey got along with it very well. Said he had great faith in Providence, and he didn't doubt that it was all for the best. He presumed that if he had married Kate, they would have both been miserable all their days.

"Yes," Kate said, in an wer, "she presumed so."

"Come here," I said to Kate, after we were left alone in the parlor, late that evening. "Sit down here beside me, or, if you will—" I opened my arms, and—well, that's nothing to you, reader, don't be inquisitive.

"I want you to train me, Kate, and make a better man of me," I began. "I am rough and uncouth," she put her hand over my mouth, "but I love you to desperation, and you can make of me just what you wish, a true, noble husband, or a very fiend. Will you adopt me?"

"With all my heart!" she answered.

"Wasn't it a very lucky affair that of the boat overturning?" I asked, turning my head away. I don't know how I said this, but Kate started, and looked me searchingly in the face.

"Frederick Hueston," she said, placing both hands on my shoulders, "did *you* tip that boat over?"

I did not answer, and she repeated the question.

"Tell me the truth; remember I am going to make a good boy of you," she said, taking me by the ears.

"Yes, I did, Kate," I answered.

She looked at me, bit her lips, and then laughed outright.

"You see that was the only way I could keep my promise of being married on the same night with you," I said, by way of excuse.

"Was *that* what you meant by being married the same night?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered, meekly, for she had me by the ear again.

"What impudence!"

But what is the use of talking? We *were* married at the appointed time, and, true to her promise, Kate has made a better man of me.

P. S. Reader, my two-year-old Kate is the image of her mother!

No evil is wholly evil! This is one of the brightest gleams of light that stream in upon all night, even the darkest. No evil is wholly evil. Behind the blackest cloud the sun shines, or the stars!

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on last page.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VOYAGEUR.—The Hofgarten is one of the principal attractions of Dusseldorf, being a fine large park, partially elevated out of a plain level, well wooded, laid out with many fine and agreeable walks, and having a terrace which overlooks the Rhine, affording most agreeable views.

SERGEANT S.—The Duke of Cambridge was appointed colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons in the year 1837.

G. G.—In 1804 Napoleon entertained little doubt that he should be able to conquer England, and, among other preparations, had medals commemorating such an event struck, to be issued in London.

FALKLAND.—Talleyrand justified his numerous changes from the support of one government to that of another by declaring that he was acting for the best interest of France.

JULIA C.—Acceptances or declinations of communications are never inserted in our answers to correspondents. It would occupy too much space. If a communication is accepted it appears in its turn.

M. R.—The halcyon, or kingfisher, was supposed by the ancients to rest for seven days during the winter on the surface of the sea, during which time it was perpetually calm. Hence the expressions, "halcyon days" and "halcyon islands."

RISUS.—The phrase, "a sardonic grin," took its origin from a certain acid herb in Sardinia, which distorted, for a moment, the countenances of those who ate it.

BROKER.—The Duke of Sutherland is supposed to be the richest peer in England.

CECILIA, Wilmington, N. C.—Oxymuriatic acid removes the stains of ink.

GARDENER.—Boiling hot water poured on the nests of ants will effectually destroy them.

F. F.—Oils are better adapted to the hair than pomatums, and the best hair oils are those which hold castor oil as the basis. Castor oil being glutinous requires to be diluted with oil of cloves or spirit of wine.

R. S.—The silk worm cannot be reared in this part of the country except as a curiosity. You must be very young or a stranger in the land, if you have not heard of the morus multicaulis fever.

MARY.—The Christmas rose is a plant of the genus *Helleborus*, producing beautiful white flowers about Christmas.

TYRO.—The requisites for writing good poetry are—a tolerably good education, a vivid imagination, or, as the phrenologists say, large ideality, an intense appreciation of the beautiful, a fine ear for music—that means, good organs of tune—and abundance of good taste. Bad grammar in every sense is inexcusable.

EUGENE.—Beranger was not in destitute circumstances, though by no means rich. He daily received presents of game, wine and fruit from his admirers.

SPORT.—A French horse, *Monarque*, was the winner of the Goodwood cup this year.

BOTANIST, Philadelphia.—We should use white paper in preparing specimens of flowers, and write or print the name, etc., neatly beneath. There is no process for preserving the original colors of flowers; they obey the inexorable law, "all that's fair must fade."

ABOUT TREES.

A writer of a very interesting paper on trees in a recent number of the North American Review, touches on a topic which has often alarmed our nerves, viz., the danger of an extinction of our forest trees. He says: "Trees in this section of the country are disappearing far more rapidly than they are growing. The present annual demand for locomotive fuel alone, in the United States, is one hundred thousand acres, allowing (which is a large allowance) fifty cords to the acre; and yet this, large as it is, is but one among many items. Along the line of our older railways there are scarcely any woods remaining. If the rate of disappearance goes on for the next half century as it has for the last, the child is now living who will see the soil of New England everywhere as bare as the soil of Attica, and its noble rivers shrunken in summer, like Achelous and Cephissus, to shallow brooks. It is fashionable, in many quarters, to treat alarms of this kind as fantastic, and our tourists come back from a journey to Mount Katahdin or the Saguenay with the comforting conviction that there is wood enough left in these northern regions to supply the wants of America for a thousand years. We would rather trust to facts and figures than these hopeful impressions. Cassandra here is a better guide than those who prophesy smooth things. The increasing price of fuel is a premonition which we shall do well to heed. The probability of any important decrease in the consumption of wood no man can foresee. If the coal locomotives should prove economical, no doubt much less wood will be used for railway purposes, and iron may, to some extent, be substituted for wood in the construction of ships and houses. But on this we cannot build any calculation. The safer and more rational course is to meet the danger by the direct means of forest-planting. If half the money that is annually wasted in foolish speculations, or lost in the fluctuations of commerce, were turned to this work of renewing our forests, all the loss would be met by an equal gain. The pleadings of alarmists may seem extravagant, but in the end, we are confident, it will be proved that they were not too earnest or too early." Every one knows that the islands in our harbor, now naked and destitute of foliage, were beautifully wooded. Ruthlessly cut down to supply fuel to the inhabitants of the town, their destruction has destroyed our bay of its chiefest ornament. But in this utilitarian age we suppose it will not do to appeal to the sense of beauty as an argument in favor of their cultivation. The grand question to be answered is—"does it pay?" Well, then we will let the writer above quoted reply to this interrogatory. "Except in the rich gardens close around cities, there is no land so profitable, no land which pays so good an interest on its cost, as woodland. In some parts of Massachusetts, a man who owns a hundred acres of pasture is little better than a bankrupt, while he who owns a hundred acres of forest is independently rich. The first must pay taxes on what does not pay for its culture, while the second can cut off enough to meet the annual interest, yet have more at the end than at the beginning. We once heard an eccentric genius maintain that his woodland, about fifty acres in all, though he had bought it, and paid for it a good round sum, some thirty years before, had in reality never cost him a cent; 'for,' said he, 'I have cut off wood enough to pay not only the original outlay, but to meet all the worth of the money at compound interest, and to cover all charges; and now I have more wood than I found there at the beginning.' It was a rational logic enough. We are confident that, at the present prices of timber and fuel, the profits of woodland to our New England farmers are at least three times as great as the profits of wood-land which they cultivate with so much labor. The experiment of planting locusts on Long Island has proved that lands, before considered valueless, may become the most precious possessions of their owners. Thousands of acres, now lying waste, might, with a very small outlay, be made to yield very great returns." One word more as to the influence of trees upon health. Mr. Timothy Flint, in his account of the Mississippi Valley, mentions the fact, that the woodcutters on the banks of the streams where the trees had been cut away were constantly attacked by malarious fevers, while such diseases among workmen in the forest were comparatively rare, although the ground on which they worked was quite as moist. Every tree which they left to decay on the ground helped to create the poison, while every tree left standing helped to absorb it. Many cases might be cited where the cutting down of woods has had a most unfavorable effect upon the health of the surrounding region. The Roman Campagna is only a celebrated instance of what is a very common experience. Every schoolboy is taught how plants purify the atmosphere by removing its excess of carbon, and supplying its defect and waste of oxygen. But we have tested it abundantly, in travelling, that, when one is properly protected from mosquitoes, the night air is most pleasant in the immediate vicinity of woods, more easy to breathe, and more softly soporific, than even the salt atmosphere of the famed watering-places. A night's sleep is quite as refreshing in the inn at Keswick as in the inn at Brighton, in a North Conway cottage as in a Newport hotel. Now, then, "woodman, spare that tree!" No longer deem it a noble exploit to fell an acre of oaks and walnuts, grub the roots, and make bare the green places. Rather take some waste piece of land and plant it out with trees. If you do not live to enjoy the benefit and profit thereof, your children, and in after days the sweet west wind, murmuring through the branches of the trees your hand has planted, will sing your praises, and in the beautiful and bowery summer, the waving foliage, nurtured by your care, will keep your memory green.

THE KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

Modern history affords no story more striking or impressive than that of the fall of Spain from the height of power and splendor to deep decrepitude and nullity—but a few centuries ago the chiefest and the wealthiest power in Europe, now one of the weakest and poorest. Historians commonly assign three principal causes for the rapid decay and downfall of this unhappy country, the expulsion of the Moors, the conquest of the New World, and the establishment of the Inquisition. Spain was a free country under the Cortes of Aragon, Leon, and Castile, which may be traced to the year 1188; and was the first kingdom of Europe, in point of date, to possess representative government; for England cannot produce indisputable evidence of that system prior to the reign of Henry III., in the year 1225; while Germany can only refer to her first Diets in 1293, and France to her States General in 1303, in the time of Philip the Handsome. As the representative system, which was the bond of national union, became enfeebled in Spain, the people, losing all sense of common action, surrendered their liberties, and, with them, their antique grandeur of character, when unity of temporal authority and of religious creed became concentrated. The Spanish monarchy was not consolidated till the joint reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, when Aragon and Castile were united under one crown. Ferdinand, impelled by an intolerance which he mistook for piety, determined to expel the Moors, an industrious race, eminently skilled in agriculture and the arts of irrigation. Under their management the crops were abundant; but after their expulsion the soil became comparatively barren, and it has never recovered its fertility. At the same epoch the Jews were driven out of the country, to the number of 800,000 persons of both sexes. This expatriation of the followers of Mahomet and Moses deprived Spain of a vast body of laborious and intelligent citizens, and materially checked the accumulation of wealth. It is true that many of both classes remained, pretending to have been converted; but the policy of Ferdinand was more rigorously enforced, at a later date, by Philip III., when the remainder of both races was banished. Thus the severest blows were struck at labor; and agriculture and commerce—those solid pillars of national greatness—received a shock which was the first symptom of the decline of the empire. The kingdom contains 60,000,000 acres of cultivated land, 16,000,000 of meadow, 14,000,000 of fallow, 4,600,000 of irreclaimable land, and 18,500,000 of swamp and alluvial land. The swamp and alluvial land, about one-sixth of the whole area, is susceptible of drainage, and would be brought into high culture in America; but the resources of the whole country are neglected. The conquest of the New World, one of the principal causes of the transitory grandeur of Spain, was also one of the causes of its decline. Mines of gold and silver are exhaustible; but the wealth of an industrious people, based on labor, and derived from agriculture, manufactures and commerce, must increase from century to century, unless the pernicious hand of government intervenes under the idle pretext of regulating the process of production, and of teaching farmers, traders, and merchants how to conduct their own business, which they understand much better than their rulers. Spain, in possession of the precious metals, neglected her domestic industry, her most enterprising citizens crowding to her South American dominions, to which the mother country became subordinate, as Montesquieu has well observed. Home improvements were neglected—fertile fields were allowed to run to waste; and thus the injury inflicted by the expulsion of the Moors and Jews was aggravated in a new form. Even the mines of Spain, so highly estimated by the Carthaginians and Phœnicians, rich in quicksilver, copper and lead, were sacrificed to the silver products of the New World—for, in 1535, Charles V. issued an edict which forbade mining in the old country, asserting that more profitable investments could be made in America.

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A correspondent of the Worcester Spy writes: "A friend of mine, now a merchant in Boston, while on his way to California, some few years since, by the overland route, stopped two weeks at Salt Lake City. Every attention was shown him by the elders, and he was permitted to go into all public places. But the inner temple, the sanctum sanctorum, he might not enter. No Gentile foot could tread that holy place. There were, also, subterranean apartments, which were strictly guarded against all strangers. The walls of their vast temple he described minutely. They are built of granite, or something so nearly resembling it that one could not distinguish them. They are of great thickness, massive, and firmly laid in the best cement, thus forming a strong castle, to serve as a place of worship in peace, and a secure asylum in war. Here, the knowing ones assured my friend, they should defend themselves against the government of the United States, and they were then confident they could withstand any army that could be conveniently sent against them, having, as they stated, storage room for provisions, ammunition, etc., for a three years' siege. Judging from these data, it would seem that in the event of a collision with them, our troops might expect the most desperate resistance. It will be no child's play, undertaking to conquer them and bring them into submission."

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nd which they cultivate with so much labor. he experiment of planting locusts on Long land has proved that lands, before considered lueless, may become the most precious pos- ssions of their owners. Thousands of acres, ow lying waste, might, with a very small outlay, e made to yield very great returns." One word ore as to the influence of trees upon health. r. Timothy Flint, in his account of the Missis- ppi Valley, mentions the fact, that the wood- tters on the banks of the streams where the ees had been cut away were constantly attacked malarious fevers, while such diseases among orkmen in the forest were comparatively rare, though the ground on which they worked was ite as moist. Every tree which they left to cay on the ground helped to create the poison, hile every tree left standing helped to absorb

Many cases might be cited where the cutting own of woods has had a most unfavorable fect upon the health of the surrounding region. he Roman Campagna is only a celebrated in- ance of what is a very common experience. very schoolboy is taught how plants purify the mosphere by removing its excess of carbon, nd supplying its defect and waste of oxygen. ut we have tested it abundantly, in travelling, at, when one is properly protected from mos- uitoes, the night air is most pleasant in the im- ediate vicinity of woods, more easy to breathe, nd more softly soporific, than even the salt at- osphere of the famed watering-places. A ight's sleep is quite as refreshing in the inn at eswick as in the inn at Brighton, in a North onway cottage as in a Newport hotel. Now, en, "woodman, spare that tree!" No longer eem it a noble exploit to fell an acre of oaks nd walnuts, grub the roots, and make bare the reen places. Rather take some waste piece of and and plant it out with trees. If you do not ve to enjoy the benefit and profit thereof, your hildren, and in after days the sweet west wind, urmuring through the branches of the trees our hand has planted, will sing your praises, nd in the beautiful and bowery summer, the wav- ng foliage, nurtured by your care, will keep your emory green.

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THE FRENCH ZOUAVES.

The Zouaves are in theory natives of the French provinces of Algiers disciplined by French officers, and bearing exactly the same relation to the French army that the Sepoys in India have to the regular British troops. The Zouaves derive their name from the Gaouaoua or D'Ait-Gaoua, also called Zouaves, a Kabyle or primitive Berber population inhabiting the mountainous district between Bougie and Dellis, who are remarkable for their spirit of independence and warlike disposition. M. Carette in his work *Etudes sur la Kabyle proprement dite*, says that the confederation of the Zouaves comprises 201 villages and 94,000 souls. The organization of the Zouaves as a corps of the French army dates from the latter part of the year 1830. The force originally consisted of two battalions, but Frenchmen were almost from the first admitted into it. In 1832 the two battalions were formed into one, and in 1833 it was ordered, that of twelve companies composing a battalion, only two were to consist of Frenchmen; though each company of natives could admit into its ranks a dozen French soldiers. At the end of 1835 the Zouaves were again divided into two battalions, each composed of four companies of "indigenes," and two of French. For various reasons, but especially in consequence of the intrigues of Abd-el-Kader, most of the natives have been long since induced to abandon the service, and few new recruits enter it; so that the corps of Zouaves is now composed almost exclusively of Frenchmen. The uniform has remained unchanged from the first, and consists of the same full pantaloons and *bornoos* which has now become so well known. The present emperor has raised the number of regiments of Zouaves from one to three (of three battalions each), and they are now recruited by conscription like the other portions of the French army. Within a few years, since the hostility of the Arabs has in a measure been extinguished, and Abd-el-Kader has been withdrawn, a new body of native troops has been added to the French army in Algiers. This constitutes the three battalions of the *Tirailleurs Indigenes* of the provinces of Oran, Constantine, and Algiers. The latter has increased so much, that in 1854 the emperor divided it into two battalions, forming the regiment of *Tirailleurs Algeriens*, who acquired renown in the East under the command of Colonel Coimpfeu. It was reserved for the Crimean war to display the perfect character of the activity and fierceness of these Gallic confederates. Active as cats, and ferocious as tigers, no steep restrained and no fire appalled them—their element was carnage. The returned Zouaves are now the foremost military lions of Paris.

DILATORY PEOPLE.

There is a class of people who are always late. They are invariably late to the cars, and they inevitably have to jump for it, if they are going upon a steamboat jaunt. Everything with these people is put off until the last moment, and then, if the plank is removed, they stand a capital chance of jumping overboard in attempting to leap upon the deck after the paddle-wheels have commenced revolving. If the boat started an hour later, it would be all the same to them, for they would just as inevitably be behind time, and come up, or down, a little too late to take things cool and comfortable. These late people have to stir their stumps or be left behind, when they have steamboats or railroad cars to deal with; but they are the bane of the existence of punctual persons with whom they have dealings, and who have no resource in the way of tapping a big bell or blowing upon a steam whistle to hurry up the delinquent eleventh hour men. One procrastinating man will delay the best laid plans of hundreds, by failing to come up to time, and he wastes hours for others in his disregard for minutes.

Soft Soap.—According to the Abbé Huc, Eastern monarchs are gullible. He says: "Once it happened that a Frenchman came to the Khan of Tartary, and the emperor asked him what offering he had brought him. The Frenchman replied, 'Sire, I have brought you nothing, for I did not know of your great power.' 'How?' said the emperor. 'Did not the very birds, as they flew over your country, tell you of our power?' The Frenchman replied, 'Sire, perhaps they did, but, as I do not understand their language, I did not know what they said.' And thus the emperor was appeased."

"The King's Talisman: or, *The Young Lion of Mount Hor*."—We have just issued this far-famed Eastern romance, from the pen of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., in bound form, splendidly illustrated with large, *original drawings*. It is generally conceded to be the best novelette ever produced by the author. We will send it, post paid, to any part of the country, on the receipt of twenty cents. Enclose the money, and receive it by return of mail.

Lo! the poor Indian.—One of the curiosities at Saratoga Springs this season was an old squaw princess, named Honoria Dacotharer, 109 years old. She was born at Oneida Castle in 1748. Her husband fell at the battle of Saratoga, in 1773, and her three sons at Lundy's Lane and Chippewa, in 1814.

The Root of Evil.—The total export of gold from San Francisco for the first half of 1857, amounted to $23,742,589, showing an increase of $472,322 as compared with the first half of 1856.

Lager Bier.—In Munich, Bavaria, the birthplace of lager bier, the consumption of that beverage would allow half a gallon daily to each man, woman and child in the city.

Divorce.—In the State of South Carolina, the marriage laws are so stringent that not a single divorce, it is said, has ever been granted.

Character.—True character is shown more clearly in trifles than in great deeds.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A move is on foot to establish a State agricultural society for Louisiana. A fine field for one.

Seventy-one horses were killed at a recent Madrid bull-fight. This is called fine sport!

Whatever evil the base man finds in his soul he attributes to another.

The St. George's Society of Montreal recently enjoyed a friendly excursion and picnic.

Men are wearing crape in London for "poor Jerrold," who never saw him twice.

The French government declines to afford any assistance to the Suez canal project.

The conductors of the New York City railroads are qualified to act as special police.

Vieux-Temps, the famous and fascinating violinist, will make the tour of the United States.

A very large proportion, if not all, of the New York liquor stores are closed on Sunday.

The mate of a vessel at New York recently stabbed a garrotter who had nearly strangled him.

Conciliation Hall, Dublin, that used to ring with O'Connell's phillipics, is now a warehouse.

The greatest curiosity is felt to see the songs which Beranger left unpublished.

The English operations against the Chinese is to be confined to the naval forces.

Miss Harriet G. Hosmer, the American sculptress, has returned to this country on a visit.

John T. Nourse, who lately died at Andover, had attained four hundred pounds weight.

A man named Pitcher lately fell into the water at New York, and was drowned.

A rumor was afloat lately, that a vein of gold had been discovered in the Hoosac tunnel.

At the Boston Museum, the fifteenth dramatic season was inaugurated last month.

The exhibition of the Middlesex South Agricultural Society will be held on the 22d and 23d.

It is said that there are about 200 Mormons in the good city of Boston at the present time.

There are 2600 sugar plantations in the United States, yielding the South $12,000,000.

Potash strewed around rat-holes, it is said, will drive the vermin away.

The amount of gold now on the way from Australia to England is about $5,500,000.

The ocean is said to be very perceptibly encroaching on and covering land in New Jersey.

The Chinese sugar cane is reported to be doing very well in Texas, resisting the drought.

Benjamin Franklin has been called "a man of genius ruled by common sense."

ART GOSSIP.

The last report on "Art" from abroad, is as follows: "Church's picture of Niagara has just arrived, and has been seen by a few connoisseurs, though there has yet been no public exhibition of it. I have heard but one opinion in regard to it. The exhibitor told me that Ruskin had just been to see it, and that he had found effects in it which he had been waiting for years to find. I am sorry that it is shown by gas-light in a darkened room. Church's pictures will all bear the daylight; he needs no artificial trickeries of this kind. Some English artists had been, a few days previous, questioning me about landscape art in America, and I am delighted at being able to point to such a noble example in justification of my assertions. Cropsey, who is now living here, has a very fine autumnal picture in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. I believe he is doing very well. Hart, the sculptor, has been settled here for more than a year past, and his admirable busts are beginning to excite attention. I wish I had time to speak of Millais's 'Sir Isumbras,' about which one hears the most conflicting opinions, and Rosa Bonheur's wonderful picture of 'The Horse Fair.' But as the latter is owned by an American, you will see it some day or other. I have seen nothing of Landseer's which at all approaches it." The Crayon, in noticing the doings of American artists in Rome, says: "Among the sculptors, Bartholomew is engaged on a statue of Washington, for the city of Baltimore; it is still unfinished, but it promises well. Rogers is closely occupied with the models for the bronze doors for the capitol extension; it will be six months or more before they are ready for casting. This important work will add greatly to his reputation."

Binding.—Binding in all its varieties executed in the best manner, and at the cheapest rates, at this establishment. Persons having old pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, sheet music, or engravings, which they desire to preserve, have only to hand, or send them in at our office, 22 Winter Street, and they will be neatly bound and returned in one week.

Quite a Change.—The navy yard grounds in Memphis, Tenn., have been sold for $350,000 to northern capitalists, who contemplate establishing various kinds of manufacturing branches, and also a marine or dry dock for steamboat building and repairs.

Let it be known.—Clergymen, school teachers and postmasters can receive "Ballou's Pictorial" to their own addresses by paying two dollars for a year.

Wonderful News.—A piano, said to have formerly belonged to Louis Napoleon's half-grandmother, was recently sold at auction in Gloucester for $9 37.

The Season.—The dog days are over—so called (*lucus a non*) because dogs are not safe from their enemies during their continuance.

Happy Ignorance.—There is one species of knowledge which consists of being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.

Aiming at too much.—Don't try to do everything. Better do a few things well than a great many ill.

Startling.—The proportion of suicides in New York among the females, exceeds the Paris average.

Two Kinds.—Wherever you go, you will find two sorts of persons—men of business and men of pleasure.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Brothers of the Coast: or, The Buccaneers of the Antilles," a wild story of the Tropics, by John B. Williams, M. D.
"Lizzie Foye," verses by Mrs. L. S. Goodwin.
"The Royal Chestnut Tree," a tale by Estelle Gray.
"Danger in the Thicket," a sketch by James Franklin Fitts.
"Is Faith like mine in vain?" stanzas by Mrs. J. D. Baldwin.
"Mad Woman's Rock," a story of the Calemink Mountain, by E. A. W.
"Malespind's Serenade," a tale by James B. Lyme.
"Niagara," verses by Eff. T. Hyatt.
"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Pierre-Jean de Beranger, the French lyric poet.
Picture of the Mosque Roshun-a-Dowlah, at Delhi, India.
A group of Chinese at Chow-chow, or eating their food with chopsticks.
Picture of St. John's Church; View of the Reservoir on Franklin Square; also the Marine Hospital, and the Pulaski Monument on Monument Square, in Savannah, Georgia.
Portrait of Hon. William Willis, Mayor of Portland, Maine.
Representation of the sport of Quail-Fighting among the Chinese.
A large whole page picture, depicting Turkish Boatmen on the Bosphorus, Constantinople.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents per copy.

☞ One copy of the Flag, and one copy of the Pictorial, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Some rascal has stolen £2000 belonging to the church at which the celebrated Spurgeon is pastor, in London.

The Emperor of Japan is to despatch to the various European powers, as an ambassador, the Governor of Simoda, with full powers to conclude treaties of commerce with all the European States.

In various counties of England, Protective Societies have been formed of persons who pledge themselves not to purchase a thimble-full of sugar until it has declined four cents per pound.

In France they have captured some Italians of the true bloodthirsty kind. They seem to have gone to Paris with no other idea than to assassinate the emperor. They were hired by Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and others unknown to fame.

The French Academy, on the proposition of M. Empis, director of the Theatre Francais, has resolved to give a prize of £400 for the best comedy in five acts, and in verse, which may be represented at Paris in the course of the next three years.

The Emperor of Russia has written an autograph letter to Cardinal Antonelli, informing him that in return for his efforts to promote a good understanding between Rome and Russia, with respect to the Catholic subjects of the latter, his majesty has made him a knight of the order of St. Andrew the Apostle.

The queen of Oude has waited nine months in England, vainly attempting to obtain an interview with Queen Victoria. Since the news of the East India mutiny, the palace doors were opened to her. The eastern queen was attired with a magnificence that quite eclipsed the modest costume of the island queen.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Advise not what is the most pleasant, but the most useful.

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

None but a great and noble mind is capable of genuine humanity.

Modesty is a sweet song-bird no open cage-door can tempt to flight.

It is easy to look down on others; to look down on ourselves is the difficulty.

Philosophy is a very good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.

A man never forgets an insult to his pride or purse; nor a woman to her beauty or love.

If a man cannot find ease within himself, it is to little purpose to seek it anywhere else.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers, that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

All reports as to character deal largely in exaggeration. "I never knew," says a wise man, "any one either as good or as bad as he was represented."

Health comes of itself; but we are at great pains to get our diseases. Health comes from a simple life of nature; diseases from the artificial life of nature.

Pride becomes neither the commander nor the commanded. Since there is no absolute freedom to be found below, even kings are but mere splendid servants for the common body.

Man's feelings are always purest and most glowing at the hour of meeting and farewell; like the glaciers which are transparent and rosy-hued only at sunset, but throughout the day gray and cold.

Humboldt notices that the streams in America run languidly in the night, and await the rising of the sun to quicken their flight. Love is to the heart what the sun is to the American streams—it moves languidly in its absence.

Joker's Budget.

Why should the male sex avoid the letter A? Because it makes men mean.

Why is it impossible for cattle keepers to be good soldiers? Because they are all cowherds, (cowards).

A professor at a university was lately displaced because he regulated the astronomical clock to keep mean time.

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusement, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

An editor, slightly balloony, hearing a toast given in honor of the fire department, arose and replied, assuring the convives he was a member of the "mighty engine."

"See here, my friend, you are drunk." "To be sure I am, and have been for three years. You see, my brother and I are on a temperance mission—he lectures, and I set a frightful example."

"You find your moostarchers a great comfort, don't you, Tom?" "Well, yes; but I'm afraid I must cut 'em, for one's obliged to dress so doosed expensive to make everything accord."

"Shall we take a 'bus up Broadway?" said a young New Yorker, who was showing his country cousin about town. "O, dear, no!" said the alarmed girl, "I wouldn't do that in the street."

A Western paper offers to write "Mr." before or "Esq." after the names of such of its subscribers, in directing their papers to them, as will pay twenty-five cents extra, or add both of said "handles" for fifty cents extra.

Upon the reading of the Declaration of Independence at Syracuse, New York, by a citizen of that place, a gentleman from the rural districts made this comment:—"O, he read it well enough, but I'm darned if I believe he ever wrote it."

Quill and Scissors.

The Albany, N. Y., Evening Journal, while alluding to the splendid crops of hay and the abundance of grass, complains that butter costs from 18 cents to 20 cents per pound. In Buffalo the butter is 12 cents, while in Philadelphia, with the same abundance of hay and green feed, butter is sold from 32 cents to 35 cents per pound.

A woman having left a child (a little girl three weeks old) in an Iowa hotel, a short time ago, quite a competition arose among the childless parents thereabouts as to who should take possession of the "little stranger." The dispute was finally settled by a "raffle," and the winner bore off his prize in triumph.

The question as to who was the bravest son of New York, in the Mexican war, has been definitely settled by the Committee of the Common Council of the city bestowing Gen. Jackson's gold box upon Lieut. Col. Garrett W. Dyckman, of the 1st Regiment New York Volunteers.

The crops in Ohio, are estimated this season as follows: Oats, 20,000,000; Rye, 1,000,000; Barley, 500,000,—making an aggregate of 28,000,000 bushels, and being an average of 40 per cent. increase on the crop of 1850. The hay crop, it is estimated, is three times that of 1850.

The assessments of Chicago for 1857 fixes the value of real estate at $28,918,196; of personal property, at $7,213,053; making a total of about thirty-six and a quarter millions. The increase from last year is about four and three-quarter millions.

A young married gentleman fell from the Shrewsbury boat at New York recently, and after swimming three hundred yards, was suffered to drown. The boat was backed, but there were no appliances on board in the way of tackle or boats to save him.

A man who has been travelling in Coahoma county, Miss., saw over one hundred rattlesnakes stuffed and hung on a tree, being the spring crop of one small farm. The proprietor said it had not been a good season for rattlesnakes.

According to Chicago papers, Peter H. Williams married a woman in Boston who was a cripple, for the sake of getting a legacy of $800 left her by her father, and has deserted her penniless and helpless at a low tavern in Chicago.

Mr. Robert W. Bowyer, an accomplished police detective, for many years a member of the New York City Police, has opened a private office in that city for the detection and capture of rogues.

Mrs. Margaret Stevenson, of Pittsburg, Pa., quarrelled with her husband, a few days ago, because he wished her to take boarders, and drank some corrosive sublimate, from the effects of which she died on Tuesday morning.

Fort Adams, at Newport, has again been opened for the admission of guests and is now one of the attractive resorts for strangers visiting the place. A visit to the fort is a prominent feature in Newport fashionable life.

The Fall River Evening Star complains that a gang of thieves are prowling about that city, seeking whom they may devour, and instances several depredations committed by them recently.

The debt of Missouri is $12,000,000, mostly created by subscription to four railroads: the Pacific, North Missouri, Iron Mountain, and the Hannibal and St. Joseph road.

A new patent has been granted for a type-composing and distributing machine. The specification states that by its means both setting and distributing may be going on at the same time.

Carl Hertz, a German, had his head dashed to pieces in the Berlin Mountains, N. Y., recently, by a tree falling on him while he was engaged in falling hemlocks.

In a New York hotel last week, a gentleman from Savannah was plucked by gamblers of $576 and a gold watch worth $200, which belonged to his sister.

There are in the jail at Pittsburg three persons under sentence of death, and four awaiting trial for murder.

The highest price that flour has reached during a period of sixty years was in 1796, when it sold at sixteen dollars a barrel.

Mr. James Pedder, the senior agricultural editor of the Boston Cultivator, was eighty-two years of age on the 29th of July last.

A Leavenworth paper states that the present population of Kansas, as ascertained by the census just taken, exceeds 70,000.

The Spanish fleet in the Gulf of Mexico, at the present time, numbers twenty-five war vessels and seven transports.

To preserve flowers in water, mix a little carbonate of soda in it, and it will keep them a fortnight.

New York pays for election expenses, $20,500. Boston, $1196.

There are but twenty-five American residents in Liverpool. So it is said.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Steele, Mr. Alonso Milliken to Miss Lucy J. Skinner.

By Hon. John C. Park, Mr. Robert Clark to Miss Adelaide Maria Gardner.

By Rev. Dr. Stow, Prof. Albert H. Mixer to Miss Jennie Morse.

By Rev. Mr. Blakie, Mr. Charles A. Thompson to Miss Margaret Archibald.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Hiram Smith to Miss Angelina E. Clark, of Portland, Me.

By Rev. Dr. Swain, Mr. Giovanni A. Sconela to Miss Mary S. Kendall, of Brookline.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Lambert, Mr. George C. Thompson to Miss Jane Robinson.

At Milton, by Rev. Mr. Ware, Dr. Frederick Winsor, of Salem, to Miss Annie B. Ware.

At Salem, by Rev. Dr. Emerson, Mr. James Dodge to Miss Sarah F. Woodbury, both of Beverly.

At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Patch, Mr. Frederick T. Zuchtman to Miss Mary C. Robinson.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Horton, Mr. John Atkinson to Miss Elizabeth Ann Lankester.

At Worcester, by Rev. Dr. Hill, Mr. Lucius Merrifield to Miss Sarah E. Denny.

At Belchertown, by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. C. L. Cushman, of South Danvers, to Miss Laura M. Montague.

At Springfield, by Rev. Mr. Buckingham, Irwin Z. Smith, Esq., to Miss Elizabeth S. Kerr, both of St. Louis.

At New York, by Rev. William Moylan, Mr. Andrew E. Mylott to Miss Margaret Teresa Smith.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Peter F. Berg, 56; Miss Rosalie Roche, 20; Mr. William H. Kaulback, 64; Mr. Barker Crooker, 53; Mrs Jane Manning, 62; Widow Sarah Smith.

At Charlestown, Mr. William H. Bacheller, 30.

At Dorchester, Miss Louisa Jane Davenport, 21.

At Chelsea, Mr. William Augustus Copp, 37.

At Malden, Widow Esther Clark, 78.

At Brighton, Mr. Stephen Stone Warren, 21.

At Reading, Rev. Peter Sanborn, 91, a graduate of Dartmouth College, of class 1786.

At Saugus, Mr. James T. Jackson, 38.

At Beverly, Widow Hannah Holt, 88.

At Lynn, Widow Ruth Burrill, 77.

At Marblehead, Widow Eliza Stacey, 53; Widow Hannah Bliss, 80; Mr. John Somethurst, 69.

At Cohasset, Capt. Thomas Doyle, 42.

At Worcester, Mrs. Eliza M. Whiting, 29.

At Uxbridge, Widow Elizabeth Brown, 82.

At Fitchburg, Mr. Silas Barnes, 97.

At Seekonk, Widow Hannah F. Lee, 81.

At Dartmouth, Mr. Lot Tripp, 87.

At Amesbury, Widow Priscilla Davis, 82.

At Petersham, Mr. Elias H. Hill, 72.

At North Adams, Mr. Daniel Thayer, 82.

At Sandwich, Abram Nye, Esq., 64.

At South Deerfield, Mr. Ebenezer Stebbins, 69.

At Dublin, N. H., Widow Sarah Bemis, 92.

At Bellows Falls, Vt., Mr. Nathaniel Tucker, 62.

At Standish, Me., Mr. Samuel F. Boutier, 63.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., Rev. Mitchell B. Bull, 80.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MOTHER'S DYING TONES.

BY ELLA WINFIELD.

[It is said, in connection with a distinguished Italian violinist, that his mother was a splendid vocalist, and that as she was dying, her son contrived, by means of a tube inserted into her mouth, to catch her last breath—that it lingered as an enchantment with him, so that her friends could recognize the tones of her voice forever afterwards.]

Low, low upon the couch of death,
 A lovely female form was laid,
And the faint drawing of the breath
 Showed the deep ravage grief had made—
It paled the roses on her cheek,
It dimmed the eye of blue so meek.

But O, her voice, whose witching tone
 In days of health could charm the ear;
Her voice so rich—that, that alone
 Disease had harmed not—'twas as clear
As when her heart and voice were young,
When she had vied an angel's tongue.

And was she left alone to die,
 The talented, the rich, the fair?
No: one dark, earnest, tearful eye
 Still hovered o'er, and watched her there;
'Twas he, the son whose earnest love
Was all that drew her from above.

"My mother, must you e'en depart,
 And leave me in this world alone?
O, who shall cheer my aching heart,
 When from this world thy spirit's flown;
O, what can bid my soul rejoice,
When I no more can hear thy voice?

"O, sing to me but once again
 The song of love we used to sing,
When in our home across the main
 The lovely eve its shades would fling,
And moonlight flood the pleasant lee;
Ah, mother, sing that song with me."

She sang—the pale and dying one—
 And he, the manly beauty, sang:
And the commingled, swelling tone
 Through the low, dark apartments rang;
Yet though two voices tuned each word,
The listening ear but one tone heard.

The song is o'er, the room is still,
 One voice is hushed forever more,
And the lone watcher's tears distill
 Above the lips that move no more—
Yet the last tones that mother sung,
Were transferred to his trembling tongue.

He sang again above the dead,
 The song which they had sung that day,
And though that mother's soul had fled,
 'Twas her sweet voice now hymned the lay;
For he had caught her last faint breath,
And thus had won her voice from death!

He lived through many after years,
 Yet those who heard him when he sung,
Checked not their quickly flowing tears,
 For sure they heard his mother's tongue,
Warbling sweet music as of old,
Although in death that tongue was cold.

And when his dying hour had come,
 He tuned his trembling voice once more,
And sang the song of love and home,
 Which his dear mother sang before,
And ere the last tone died away,
His spirit basked in endless day.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SONS OF MUSTAPHA.

AN EASTERN TALE.

BY THE LATE JAS. B. LYME, ESQ.*

OLD MUSTAPHA had wealth, wisdom and three sons, and everybody said that if Mustapha had not happiness also, it was nobody's fault but old Mustapha's. The East had been long famous for its wealthy, wise, and three-soned citizens, and it would be a wonder if it was not. The genies are so generous when one knows how to coax or command them; the elixir of knowledge is so powerful to enlighten, when one gets a sup of it; and the fairies that preside over all important family affairs are so much attached to the numeral three, that it is not the least wonder in the world that Mustapha was what he was, and possessed what he possessed. Does anybody suppose that Haroun Al Raschid was filled with wisdom by a schoolmaster? If Aladdin had been born in some old city of the west, would his pouch ever have been so abundantly oiled, as it was, from the lamp of fortune? And then, what mothers and fathers ever had three sons or three daughters with the statistical precision of orientals? Mustapha, then, was just like every famous man, in the East, that ever a story was written about. He had white hair that fell over his brown cheeks and shoulders like snow over a storm-beaten rock. He had black eyes, that shone like diamonds, through the aromatic smoke which he inhaled from his amber-tipped chibouque. He had pearls and rubies glittering on his blue turban, like stars through the azure veil of evening. And pearls and rubies were seen upon his yellow slippers as he sat cross-legged upon his elastic carpet. His long white beard fell down on his purple vest as if it were exhausted with gravity and length of years; and the gold rings on his fingers were crushing against each other like fashionable moralists at a public execution.

The personal attributes of Mustapha were in beautiful harmony with the circumstances that crowded round him, for they seemed to have smiled themselves into sympathy with his being. The garden of Mustapha was a circular garden, and bore some analogy both to his mind and that corporal region which men characterize by a grosser appellation. It was complete in its compass, and every flower, and shrub, and tree, within its walls, had a fat, rich, flourishing appearance. The mulberries and olives might have been fed on seed cake and sprinkled with sweet oil, they looked so sleek and well to do, in both trunk and leaves, and attracted so many buzzing parasites of bees and diamond flies. The birds in the acacias had a sensible, philosophical air about them, and chanted their songs as if they had taken lessons in music from the imaums, who, with all becoming gravity, admonished the faithful of the flight of time from the tops of the minarets. The rocks that lay by the borders of the little garden-lake were round, solid boulders that had been rubbed into mathematical form by a great deal of attrition, just as Mustapha had been polished into the best bred man in Bokhara, from rubbing the corners of his blunt nature against the corners of the blunt men of Balk. The lake was not a great many paces in circumference, and a casual, superficial observer might have laughed at it, as an ignorant puppy with a thirty dollar suit of clothes on his back might have laughed at the profundity of its sage owner; but it was a deep lake as was the intellect of Mustapha; and fine, healthy, bright, gold fishes swam in the depths of its transparent waters like the beautiful ideas that floated near the foundations of the wisest man in Bokhara's mind. There is nobody could doubt who had seen Mustapha in his garden, that he was both wise and rich; but still if it were possible that such a terrible infidel could exist, a glance at the home of Mustapha must have struck him dumb, and made the tears start into his eyes with the shock of surprise that it would give to his unbelief. The sofas of his divan were soft as the down of the cygnet, and bright as the satin of Calicut could make them. The silk of Teheran hung from golden cornices, and draperied his walls with folds as graceful as the robes of Nourjahæl. The wind that had intoxicated itself with the odor of his garden flowers, came rolling into his chambers in overburdened luxuriance; but it was caught before it had intruded, by the gold fringed curtains of gossamer, and was purified and refined before it was allowed to escape through their folds, and kiss the carpets, and ottomans, and flower filled vases that attested the riches and the taste of Mustapha. On every place where such things could be suspended, were hung wise maxims from the Koran, printed on satin, that blushed at the honor with which it was impressed, and framed with golden frames that almost looked as if concreted of the knowledge which they contained. There were a great many very wise and opulent people who almost envied Mustapha of his wealth and wisdom; and they excused themselves by saying that he had plenty of both to spare, but there were a great many young and thoughtless people who envied him of his sons, and this was surely a most heartless and culpable thing, for he had only three all the world over. It is true that they did not envy old Mustapha of all the three, for one of them was generally considered more an object of indifference than love; but the oldest and the fairest two were smiled at, sung about and sighed for, by every maiden who saw them airing their robes in the bazaar, and smoking their chiboques as they walked arm in arm in the vine-covered piazza of their father's house. Ali and Zama were tall and graceful as olive trees, and their handsome clothes fitted them as handsomely as did the leaves of the date tree its branches. The tassels that hung from their rich and light, silken turbans were like clusters of laburnam flowers freshly washed with dew and kissed by the beams of morning. Their long, black hair curled beautifully round their necks, and rose from and fell on them again like the black plumes of Frankish warriors dangling over their brazen casques. Everybody congratulated Mustapha on having such sons as Ali and Zama, and Mustapha smiled, for he did love the lads.

"Nobody bids me rejoice because of Hamed," Mustapha would sometimes exclaim, however, taking his meerschaum from his lips, and following the smoke with his black, flashing eyes. "Nobody says Allah has been kind to the father of Hamed."

"Save me, uncle," a soft and silvery voice would reply, like an echo to the sage's thoughts. "Save me, my own dear uncle." And again Leila will repeat it. "Allah has blest Mustapha in bestowing on him Hamed."

Mustapha would smile, and bend his dark burning eyes on the lovely speaker, and his heart would grow young again as he gazed, for it was only in the celestial gardens of Gul that such another Peri as she might be found. Leila was beautiful, and Leila was good, and that gave her beauty a charm that ill-natured beauties never possess. Leila was kind, and Leila was thoughtful, and these features of her inner life shone through the lineaments of her face, warming and illumining it as sunbeams suffuse with softened light an evening sky after the sun has gone down. You have heard maidens compared to the light gazelle; to the soft-eyed turtle dove, and to the slender papyrus; but the graceful and lovely Leila was a summary of them all. Her form was tall and supple as that of the bending reed that grows by the waters of the lake Aral, and far more graceful in its unstudied attitudes than the light and liquid motions of the desert fawn. The dress of Leila, as it floated round her form, seemed to whisper to the scented zephyr, "there is beauty and freedom here," and the zephyr, as it shook the folds of her spangled kirtle of rose-colored silk, and toyed with the golden tassels of her purple satin jacket, seemed inclined to forsake the flowers it had wooed through six thousand long summers and to sigh round this fair human flower forever. Her brow was as pure as celestial snow through which had been strained the essence of roses. Her cheeks were as soft and mellow as the peaches of Cabul which were faintly blushing with summer's first kiss. Leila's long eyelashes were black as her eyes; and her dark, waving tresses were the blackest of them all. The clouds of a summer storm never hung more ebon-like on the bosom of the lakes of Cashmere than did the sable tresses of Leila on the gauzy kerchief through which shone her polished shoulders.

"Yes, yes, Leila has often said that the father of Hamed was fortunate," said Mustapha, after a long pause, "for pity sits enthroned on the bosom of Leila."

A warm, rich blush, like the blush of a dreaming lover, flashed over the face of the maiden as Mustapha spoke; but she gently fanned herself, with her fan of peacock's feather, and then her countenance grew calm again. Her bosom heaved as if stirred by some strong emotion, and then she replied with a soft quaver in her voice:

"Pity! pity for thy Hamed, uncle? Allah never meant that man or woman should pity him."

"And surely Allah meant that woman should never love him," said Mustapha, with a sigh, "or he would have made him tall and strong and handsome like his brethren."

If Mustapha had not been looking upwards in thought at that moment, he might have seen a slight curl on Leila's ruby lips, and a half scornful gleam in her black, burning eyes as she said:

"Are the best gifts of Allah visible, Uncle Mustapha? Or does woman only love the outward? The foolish girls of Kurdistan call the silkworm a noxious reptile, and they say that the tiger has a more beautiful skin than even the goat of Thibet. But the silkworm has unseen treasures in its being, and it has capacities for a future life among the winged butterflies of heaven. And will the wise Mustapha say the tiger is better than a soft-wooled goat?"

Mustapha smoked for two minutes in silence, to allow the ardent Leila to gather her senses together, that she might listen to his answer, and then he said gravely:

"Allah's best gift is beauty, and almost all men say Hamed is not beautiful."

"Let him only dare to judge who knows," said the girl, while a tear sparkled in her eye. "Hamed is beautiful, Leila says it and Leila knows her Cousin Hamed."

"His brows and cheeks are pale," said Mustapha gravely, "and the girls of Bokhara turn from them with indifference."

"But there are lines of thought on them that even Allah loves to read," replied the maiden somewhat proudly.

"His eyes are hid in the deep arches of his brow," continued the father, half playfully, "and scarcely any one can tell their color."

"They are blue," said Leila hastily, "and O, how full of soul and feeling they are!"

"His form possesses neither the grace nor strength of those of Ali and Zama."

"But he could perform nobler actions than either," cried Leila, interrupting her sage uncle.

Mustapha sat in silence for ten long minutes, and he might have sat another ten before the blushing Leila would have interrupted that; when he suddenly exclaimed:

"Leila, a thought has struck me."

"Many and profound are the thoughts that strike my uncle," said the maiden, modestly. "Thanks be to Allah!"

"I am about to divide my patrimony with my children," continued the old man, in a musing manner, "but thou, daughter of my brother, and richest jewel in Mustapha's treasury, I cannot divide. Say, wilt thou consent to wed that son of mine who performs the noblest actions?"

"The will of Mustapha is the will of Leila," replied the maiden, blushing, and stirring the scented air with her fan.

"I have a gem of the purest water and the rarest size," said the wise man, smiling in the face of his lovely ward. "I shall set it in the front of thy turban on thy bridal morning."

Mustapha, like a prudent and economical father, called all his sons together, and gave to each of them an equal portion of his wealth. He believed it to be his duty to do this, and he did it; how few fathers among the Franks ever think so, and what a deal of legacy duty they would save if they did so.

There are many fast young gentlemen amongst the Occidentals, who think this arrangement, so frequent in the East, a "capital affair;" but they cannot convince their governors of this, and so the question remains an eastern question.

"Allah has been abundantly good and gracious to Mustapha," said the old man, in a solemn tone, as his three sons stood with their hands crossed and their heads bent respectfully before him. "He has given me health, wealth, peace, knowledge; and better than them all, he gave me you" The young men bowed low, their father paused after having finished this sentence. "Age is laying his hand heavily on me," he continued, "and the cares of the world become oppressive to me; so I have divided all that I possess amongst you, that you may relieve me of the cares incidental to it. I have, however, retained one jewel, my children," added Mustapha, "and I have reserved it for the worthiest of my sons." Ali and Zama looked at each other, and then they looked at their father; and then they looked down on the ground. "The outwardly beautiful are not the most beautiful," said Mustapha, in a grave voice, as if he had not observed the motions of his two older sons. "The best gifts of Allah are soul gifts, and those only who have the most beautiful souls, have the right to wear the richest gems. Harmony is a law of Allah, and harmony is only complete when the gems that sparkle on the outward form reflect the glories of the form within. Go, my children, and meet me when a month has gone, and let him who has performed the noblest actions during that period, come and claim the diamond of which I speak."

The hours and days, linked hand in hand, and garlanded with roses and orange blossoms, had danced over the flower clad meads, and led a bright-eyed month away with them, to the sleeping chambers of the past, and Mustapha was once more seated in his divan. The sun peeped in at the window, and the zephyrs sighed through the crevices of the door, as if they wondered what Mustapha was doing to-day, and fain would see; but the rich, silken curtains obscured the stained glass, and a Nubian guarded the little portal and kept it close, so that neither sun nor wind could penetrate the secrets of that chamber. Mustapha, the grave and wise, looked graver and wiser than ever he had done, as he sat cross-legged upon his carpet, with his most splendid pipe before him. The birds and bees, and butterflies, and green-winged beetles had ceased to buzz and hum, and sing, but went to sleep in the lily cups, and amongst the leaves of the China-roses, and beneath the curtains of the sensitiva. Everything was silent in the garden and home of Mustapha, as if the grave thoughts of the sage had come down upon everything, and was keeping it subdued to the sympathy of his own profound feeling. And even Nature was to be established by the wise man of Bokhara, and that was the character of a good and noble deed.

"Peace be unto Mustapha, the wisest and best of fathers," said the three young men, bending low before their aged parent, and kissing the hem of his garment. "The west wind was toying with the blossoms of the tamarind when we departed; the day-star is nursing the tamarind's fruit, and we are here."

"It is good," said Mustapha, gravely. "Ali, first-born of my beloved Hata, speak! Mustapha would know to which of his sons he must give his rarest gem."

"Father," said Ali, in a tone of self gratulation, and with a look that told how satisfied he was with himself, "I obey thee. Three weeks ago, as I was travelling by the reed-covered banks of the Gihon, near to the city of Khiva, my memory was with my father, and my thoughts drank the incense from thy words of wisdom, as the bee sips honey from flowers. I sighed as a young warrior might sigh to fight my great fight of virtue, when suddenly the sounds of rapid flight mingled with the moaning of the trees, and the hollow murmuring of the river; and looking up I beheld a stranger, whose distracted looks proclaimed the terror of his heart, and whose foaming steed attested the imminence of his danger.

"'Stranger,' cried he, with quivering lips and starting eyeballs, 'behold the most wretched man in the world. Yesterday I was rich, and powerful, and in peace, and now I am a fugitive, and a vagabond. Yesterday, the Pacha of Khiva smiled on me, and aga and mollah, and soldier and slave, had smiles and salaams for me too. To-day, he has frowned, and seized upon my estate, and now the dagger of every man in Khiva is pointed at my throat. From the debris of my fortune, however, I have preserved this leathern bag full of diamonds. I confide them to thy care, as the last resource of a ruined man. Wilt thou keep them for me, and return them to me when I ask them again?'

"'What security dost thou ask from me,' said I, 'if I accept this trust?' For I had pity for the stranger, and I wished to do a noble deed.

"'My security shall be thy word,' was his reply.

"'Then on the word of Ali, son of Mustapha, the sage of beautiful Bokhara, I shall deal justly with thee,' said I.

"The stranger came to me this morning, father," continued Ali, proudly, 'and although he had no vouchers to prove to the cadi, that I had his jewels in keeping, I gave him them again. I have spoken, O, my father, let thy wisdom judge if Ali deserves the diamond."

Mustapha looked very grave, then took three long whiffs of his chibouque, and then he exclaimed, with energy:

"Ali has done nothing but his duty. Had he done less, he would have been a liar and a robber. Man oweth justice to man. Ali was only just. Let Zama speak."

"The lakes of Cashmere are beautiful, father," said Zama, with a smile, "and fair are the flowers and shrubs that are born in Samarcand; but there is a lake in Balkash that Cashmere might sigh to wear like a pearl on its bosom, and around its margin there are shrubs and flowers that seem to bloom like the bridal wreaths of spring. It is to this lake that the water spirits come to hold their moonlight revels; to sail over its bosom in the petals of roses, and to dance on the foam bells that flash back the light of Cynthia's cold eye. It was evening when I reached the borders of this lovely lake, and the hum of the insect world was dying away. I heard the silvery voices of women, and the laugh of childhood stealing from the verandahs of the cottages, however, and my soul became soft and tremulous within me. We do feel Nature as well as see her, father," said Zama, interrupting his narrative. "She touched my heart, as I sat and gazed in her face; and I feel the impress of her fingers still."

Mustapha bowed, and Zama continued:

"On the margin of the water there sported a butterfly and a child; how beautiful a butterfly it was; how lovely a child! The wings of the insect were blue and red; and blue as heaven, and red as the blood root flower were the silken robe and slippers of the infant. The insect fluttered amongst the blossoms of the *fleur de lis*, and skimmed over the polished face of the glowing lake. The infant danced and laughed amongst the violets and pansies that adorned the grass. Suddenly the evening breeze swept over the shuddering waters; the paralyzed butterfly closed its wings and fell amongst the foam bubbles, and the gleeful little maiden lost her footing on the shore, and vanished amidst the treacherous waves.

"'Give me back my child!' cried the frantic mother, as she sought to plunge into the liquid element, and reclaim her beloved one. 'O, give me back my Nana!' And she struggled to escape from the weeping women who held her in their tender arms.

"I gave her back her child, father," said Zama, proudly. "I ducked, and dived, and took from the water spirit's cave the fair young mortal that they had made captive. I placed the dripping flower on the bosom that had nourished her; and although her mother would have poured oil and grateful blessings on my head, and would have covered my fingers with rings of price, I refused them all. Let the wise Mustapha judge if the diamond belongs to Zama."

Again the sage applied his lips to the amber of his pipe, and this time his silence exceeded what it had been before.

"Allah gave the weak as wards to the strong," he said at last. "A woman and a child must ever claim the generosity of man. He who would calmly look upon danger, suffering, or sorrow without seeking to avert it, is an ungenerous coward, and belies the purpose of his life and being. Zama was generous, he would have been unworthy of his name, had he been otherwise. We wait for Hamed's words."

"Hamed has only words of sorrow, for the good Mustapha," said the young man, modestly. "Hamed has done nothing worthy of the jewel which his father seeks to bestow on the most worthy of his sons. Man cannot do good deeds of himself; he is only a humble instrument of Allah. Allah has not distinguished Hamed amongst those he loves to honor with noble generosity. Hamed prayed that he might be able to obey Mustapha in all things, and he is sad that he cannot obtain his blessing and approbation now."

At that moment, the rich, silken arras which concealed the recess of a window, opened, and Leila, all beautiful with smiles, led a stern and stalwart man to the feet of her Uncle Mustapha.

"I am Korna," said the stranger, in a deep, base voice, and a morn ago I was the mortal enemy of Hamed. I hated him because he was good; I maligned him because he was prosperous; I could have stabbed him because he was virtuous. Whenever Hamed walked abroad in Bokhara, I pointed to him and whispered, there walks a hypocrite and a knave. When he knelt in the mosque I mocked him; and if he spoke to any one, to him I derided and defamed him. Would you know the name of my sin? It was envy, the most poisonous of all mean passions. Yesterday I was sleeping on the rock which overhangs the pool Geela, and one touch would have precipitated me into the hungry waters below. Hamed came accidentally and stood beside me; and he saw by the uneasy motions of my body that I was dreaming troubled dreams. Yet another contortion, and I would myself have anticipated the push of revenge. But did Hamed do as Korna had done and would have done? No. He drew me gently from the brink of the precipice, and awakening me, said in soft, holy tones:

"'Korna, thou wert in danger, and I have awakened thee to apprize thee of it.'

"It was thus that Hamed slew the enmity which dwelt in my heart, and won the rarest gem that is in the treasury of Mustapha."

"Allah be praised; the maiden was right," said Mustapha, gravely placing the trembling hand of Leila in that of his youngest son.

"And kind unto Mustapha was Allah, when he gave him Hamed," cried Leila.

Modesty and virtue dwelling in the soul of Hamed, won the heart of Leila; and her heart of goodness and her hand of beauty rewarded more richly than ever diamond could, the noblest son of the sage and good Mustapha.

* Formerly editor of "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," Edinburgh, Scotland.

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Let those who will, call a mother's care a mere animal instinct, and liken it to that of the sparrow or spider; shall we not rather call it a divine inspiration, and doubt whether the sparrow and the spider must not have souls to be saved, if they, too, show forth the faculty of maternal love which is, of all human feelings, most inexplicable and most self-sacrificing; and therefore, surely, most heavenly! If that does not come down straight from heaven, a "good and perfect gift" then what is heaven, and what the gifts which it sends down?—*Kingsley's Two Years Ago.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

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Softly the summer wind
 Steals o'er the lea,
Waving the hanging vine,
 Rustling the tree;
Like gentle balm it comes,
 Laden with sweet perfumes,
And with soft voices that whisper to me,
Telling me pleasant tales, dear love, of thee;

How, in its ramblings mid
 Haunts of the rose,
Seeking where sweets were hid,
 Richer than those
Breezes ever bore along,
 Vainly it searched among
Flowers the sweetest, o'er garden and heath,
Till on thy red lips it tasted thy breath.

And while caressingly
 Lingered it there,
Twining love-knots for me
 In thy brown hair,
Soft, through thy lips apart,
 Deep from thy gentle heart,
Pure as thy spirit, a prayer was set free—
Ask not the winds if it was for me.

Cool came the summer breeze,
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 Gone from me now:
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"I REALLY wonder that you are not yet mar-ried, Mabel!" said Alice Fleming, turning from the mirror where she was adjusting her hair, and addressing her friend Mabel Heath, who reclined listlessly on a sofa with an open volume in he[r] hand.

"Do you?" responded Mabel, carelessly glancing over the top of her book while sh[e] turned the leaf and continued reading.

"Indeed I do; and I think besides it is ver[y] selfish for you to bury yourself in a book, whe[n] I am longing to hear your voice. We have bee[n] so long separated that I am jealous of whatev[er] divides your attention with myself; and yo[u] know that one week of the three to which yo[u] have limited your stay with me is already pas[t] and when the remaining two are ended, who ca[n] tell when we may meet again?"

"True," said Mabel, rising and laying asid[e] her book; "but forgive me now, and I will tr[y] not to be so thoughtless again."

"Thank you, Bella dear; but, as I was say-ing, I cannot but wonder, that while all our le[ss] beautiful and talented schoolmates are marri[ed] and settled in life, you alone, the brightest an[d] fairest of the band, are still 'in maiden medit[a]-tion fancy free.' I am sure, had I been in you[r] place, surrounded by such a host of admirers [as] used to follow in your train, I should have lo[st] my heart to some one of them long ago."

"Very likely!" said Mabel, and there was [a] tinge of satire in her voice and a slight curl [of] her beautiful lip; "but mine is not a heart to [be] lost so easily. Indeed," she added with a laug[h], "I have tried a dozen time to give it away, b[ut] the perverse thing refuses to go at my biddin[g], and sticks to me like the curse of Cain, in sp[ite] of all my efforts to be rid of it. And a mo[st] troublesome possession it is, I assure you; alwa[ys] insisting on being heard when I least care to l[is]ten to it, and compelling me to obey its dictat[es] instead of consulting my interests, as a ration[al] being should."

"How unreasonable! No wonder you wou[ld] like to be rid of it; but can you tell me ho[w] many of your rejected suitors have committed s[ui]cide or died of broken hearts in consequence [of] the perversity of the thing, as you call it?"

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"It is easy to see that you have provoked this discussion only to make me tell my experience; and as you have such faith in attachments begun in childhood, I will go back to our school days and begin with Arthur Wells. You remember Arthur with his slight form, gentle manners, and pretty girlish face, and how you laughed when I told you I thought Nature to blame for not having made him a girl, and his coarse, hoydenish, romping sister Sarah a boy. There was a deli-cacy in Arthur's attentions, quite unusual in a schoolboy; and of all my stripling admirers he was the favorite. When at eighteen years of age he went away to learn book-keeping in the count-ing house of a wealthy uncle in a distant city, I parted with him with sincere regret.

"When, after two years, he came back to spend a few weeks at home, he had become a tall, grace-ful young man, but with the beaming eyes and silken hair of his boyhood, and everybody re-marked how handsome he had grown; but I thought little of his manly beauty, for my heart was lying low, in the grave of my loved and honored father, who had gone down in the strength of manhood to the silent city of the dead. And while I longed for sympathy in this my first great sorrow, he talked with boyish sim-plicity of my looking so oddly in my sable weeds, and wondered that I, who used to be so merry, could be so still and smile so sadly.

"With his twenty years he was still a boy in thought and feeling, while I, who had seen but sixteen summers, was an earnest, thoughtful woman; for when the heart has learned how much of suffering it can bear, its childhood has departed. I saw that he could not understand my feelings, and so locked them in my own heart, and when he asked me at parting to cor-respond with him, I told him I would always be glad to hear from him and to know of his welfare, but declined promising to answer his letters, and he forbore to urge it. I saw that he felt hurt, but he was too proud to complain, while Sarah, who was present, called me proud and cold, and accused me of holding myself aloof, and thinking, because I was pretty and fancied myself smart, that I was better than my mates. Arthur had been in the habit of sending me books and papers, but he never sent another or came to see me when he visited his parents, and I only know that he still lives in the city and was married long ago.

"Jerry Cameron, Horace Graham, Louis Kimble, and several others were among my early admirers, and I liked them all, for when time and the natural buoyancy of youthful spirits had restored my wonted cheerfulness, there was a warm corner in my heart for all who sought my friendship. I think I could have clasped all God's creatures in one embrace, if my arms would have held them all. The young ladies with whom I mingled in society were so many dear sisters, their brothers were my brothers, and I rode, talked, and danced with all who sought my company, never questioning their motives or considering the probability of any among them becoming suitors for my hand, so long as they never spoke of love; and I was greatly amused when I first heard myself accused of coquetting with those I had never suspected guilty of harboring any sentiment for me warmer than friendship.

"My first serious annoyance was a Mr. Kinney, who came to spend a few days with some cousins in the village, and, for some inexplicable reason, enlisted at once into my service—though I would gladly have dispensed with the honor, for I had never seen any one I disliked so much. Others called him witty, fine-looking, gentlemanly and agreeable, but I was blind to his attractions, and he seemed equally oblivious of my dislike; and though I constantly declined his civilities, he persisted in following me from place to place, paying me the most marked attention wherever I went, and praising me in the most extravagant terms when I was absent.

"If I shrunk away from him, and became silent and reserved when he approached, he was de-lighted with such modest diffidence in one so beautiful; and if I treated him with cold disdain, he was astonished at queenly dignity in one so young.

"Of course his cousins, Kitty and Mary Bar-ton, did all in their power to add to my discom-fort by repeating his compliments to me; and as he prolonged his stay week after week, and called as often as he could find a pretext for doing so, I became almost desperate under the infliction.

"But all things earthly have an end, and he at last announced his determination of leaving, and came to bid me good-by. I received him more cordially than I had ever been able to do before, for I was very happy at the prospect of parting with him; and thought his visit was drawn out to an unconscionable length, the cer-tainty of its being the last enabled me to bear it with equanimity, and when he offered his hand at parting, and asked if I would not think of him some times when he was gone, I readily gave the required promise, for I was sure I should never be able to forget him.

"A few weeks later I received a letter from him containing a bombastic and passionate avowal of undying affection, unbounded admiration, and idolatrous love, and begging me to be his wife. I was petrified with astonishment and blinded with rage, for it suddenly occurred to me that his ineffable self-conceit had led him to attribute my avoidance of him to the coyness of love. But I think he must have been convinced of his mis-take when he received my answer by return of mail.

"I saw him once, a long time afterwards, and tried to avoid a recognition, but some one offi-ciously introduced him, and he 'believed he had once had the honor of Miss Keith's acquaint-ance.' When next I heard of him he had com-mitted matrimony instead of suicide, as you pleasantly suggested disappointed swains were apt to do.

"A few months after Mr. Kinney's case was disposed of, I became acquainted with Charley Fielding, and soon learned to like one as much as I had disliked the other. He was less hand-some than some others of my acquaintances, but he had such a genial joyous heartedness, mingled with so much of manly sincerity, and such a true, noble soul looked out from his eyes that he was deservedly a favorite with all who knew him. He came several times to see me, and I began to watch impatiently for his coming, though I never told him I was glad to see him or asked him to call again, for I thought he only came to pass an idle hour, and would gladly have concealed even from myself the secret of my growing preference, till one day he startled me by an abrupt acknowl-edgement of affection. What he said I scarcely knew, for soon as he commenced speaking I had an intuitive knowledge of what was coming, and became too much confused to hear distinctly, but I comprehended that he cherished a deeper re-gard for me than I had ever dared to hope, and wished to know my feelings in return.

"But it was so sudden, so unlooked for, that had my life depended on it I could not have articulated a syllable; but stood silent and trem-bling beneath the anxious inquiring eyes that sought my own. He must have construed my silence into annoyance or displeasure; for when, after the lapse of several seconds that seemed to me so many hours, I ventured to raise my eyes, he extended his hand and said, so coldly and so proudly, 'Good-by, Miss Keith, we may never meet again;' and in another moment he was gone. I hoped he would return, but he did not; and, as I would not inquire for him, it was some weeks before I knew that he had gone to the West Indies with an invalid relative, and would not return till the next summer. It was evident he cared very little for me, or he would not have gone without a better understanding, and I proudly resolved to forget him, and was some-times angry with myself that I succeeded no better in banishing him from my thoughts.

"Then there was Percy Clark, who was ten years older than I, and seemed always to consider me as a child, though I had reached my twentieth year. He would never call me Miss Keith or Mabel, even in company. I was only 'Little Bella' to him whatever I might be to others, and I was often annoyed by the childish epithets he bestowed on me, as well as by what seemed the assumption of superiority with which he would lecture me in his grave, quiet way for my way-wardness; but he was very kind, and I regarded him as one of my best and truest friends, and sought his advice as I would that of an elder brother.

"No wonder I was astonished when he told me of the deep earnest love with which he had regarded me from my childhood; how he had watched the development of my powers as I grew to womanhood, and waited for the time when he could ask me to be his 'own dear little wife.' I could not believe him serious, and even when I saw that his cheek grew pale and his lip quivered with emotion, I laughed at his proposal as a jest. I must either laugh or weep, and would not en-courage him by any show of sympathy; and though I knew he must despise me for my heart-lessness, it was better so, I thought, for he would feel less pain at finding his love unrequited if he learned to scorn its object.

"But O, how bitterly I reproached myself when he was gone for the blindness with which I had unconsciously encouraged his delusive hopes! I had never shed such bitter tears since I stood beside my father's grave as I wept that night. I had even an absurd idea of writing to him, accept-ing his offer, and devoting my life to his happi-ness, as an atonement for my unintentional fault. Would not that have been romantic? I thought then that it would be heroic. After such a wretched night as only sentimental people know, I fell asleep just at daybreak, and awoke with the thought that by following the resolution with which I had gone to sleep I should do him a great wrong, for I could not so completely live a lie all my life as to prevent his seeing that my heart was not in my duties, and being made miserable by the discovery.

"I think I suffered more from his disappoint-ment than he, for he gradually changed his quiet studious habits, for a life of gaiety, and was soon a leader in the ranks of pleasure. But he never scolded or petted me, or called me 'Little Bella' as before, and I used to listen to the merry jests that flowed so freely from his lips, and wonder if he was really as happy as he seemed, or whether men were like ourselves, most mirthful when most sad.

"Once, some months after his proposal, I met him at a brilliant assemblage of the fashionable and gay, and a lady, behind whose chair he was standing, beckoned me to her, and as I stood beside her a moment in a position to hide him from observation, he bent down and pressed his lips to the hand I had laid on the back of his chair. I started at the touch, and looking up met a look that sent a pang to my heart and made me sad the remainder of the evening, it was so full of hopeless anguish. But he didn't die of grief—not he. He married like a sensible man, and is leading the prosy, hum-drum, com-fortable life of married people in general.

"Then there was Fred Gordon; wild, impul-sive, warm-hearted Fred, with many noble quali-ties, and as many glaring defects. He had two sisters: sweet, artless, brown-eyed Fannie, and laughing, sunny-haired Eva. How I loved them both, and Fred I regarded almost as much, and with the same sisterly affection. Judge, then, of my dismay, when Fannie, in her simple-hearted-ness, began to talk of how happy we would be as sisters, and I found that he spoke to them of me as his intended, and that our union was looked upon by the family as certain.

"I ought to have known while I laughed, and talked, and danced, and sung with him, where it would all end, and that when I praised him when he pleased, or scolded him when he teased me, his vanity might draw more flattering inferences from my words and actions than they were in-tended to convey; but I believe all young girls are fools, at least I know that I was one, and see no reason for supposing myself an exception to the general rule.

"After Fannie's revelation I tried to be very circumspect in all I said or did, — to guard every look or word, and if possible to convince him that 'I remained Mr. Gordon, most sincerely your friend,' but that I had no warmer sentiment to bestow, and thus to escape the dreaded overture. But it needs must come and ours was a broken friendship. The girls too seemed to look upon me as the destroyer of their brother's happiness, and though I would gladly have told them how little I had intended to act the trifler, and how much I regretted what had happened, they shunned all approaches to the subject; and though I still loved them as well as ever, I was forced to accept a cold, formal friendship in re-turn. I think that but for the publicity such a course would have given the affair they would have broken off our intimacy.

"Next came Harry Neal, who was one of the most worthy young men of my acquaintance, and thought 'my word the gospel, and my will the law.' No doubt it would have been a very sensible disposal of my hand to have given it to him, but I was not a sensible young lady then, any more than now, and as I had acquired suffi-cient penetration from recent experience to dis-cover that he only wanted a favorable opportunity to declare himself, I contrived to quarrel with him in such a way that he could only blame him-self, and then took care to avoid giving him an opportunity of seeking a reconciliation. I always felt in thinking of it as if I had been guilty of meanness, but I was heartily sick of triumphing over the victims of my coquettish arts, as I was accused of doing.

"He grew moody, shunned society, and be-came a picture of dejection, and there was no lack of gossip among our acquaintance to insinu-ate that disappointment 'like a worm in the bud' preyed in his whiskered cheek. For my part I always believed that he was afflicted with jaun-dice, especially when a few months later he married and settled down apparently the most contented of mortals.

"Walter Harris, the most incomparable of dancing partners, became suddenly sentimental in the midst of waltzes and cotillons, and made love in time to music; but I would as soon have thought of listening to a declaration from a fiddle-bow. He and Fred Gordon are still bachelors, and while Fred sows wild oats with praiseworthy diligence, Walter dances as gracefully, and I have no doubt with as light a heart as ever.

"Jerry Cameron made advances, but though he was one of the earliest and at one time the most favored of my cavaliers, I had discovered that beneath his pleasing address was hidden a sordid, selfish nature, and that his sparkling wit could too easily take the form of malicious and ill natured satire, and wondered how I could ever have liked him. He too remains single, and wealth appears to be the only bride he wants.

"Louis Kimble followed suit, and Louis was such a dear, delightful, pretty fellow; but I would no more marry a universally acknowledged pretty fellow than I would plight my faith to a poodle or canary. Luckily, however, there is a diversi-ty of tastes in such matters, and Mrs. Kimble evidently thinks she has drawn a first class prize in the matrimonial lottery, in marrying the ele-gant Louis.

"Robert Stanley had for some time been one of our most frequent visitors, but whether he was paying court to mama or myself, I could hardly have told, until he confided to a friend, that he was 'charmed with Bella. He could not help being pleased with her, but he feared as much as he admired her, for he was afraid she would have no scruples about stealing a fellow's soul, if she could get it and make no return.' Of course his confidant lost no time in communicating to me what he had learned. You know young gentle-men never betray each other's confidence. It is only the female part of creation who are ever guilty of such treachery. Poor Robert! I thought he had need of all the soul with which nature had endowed him, and that it would be an act of meanness to deprive him of the smallest portion of it, and took care to keep him at such a distance that I should be in no danger of yield-ing to temptation, and picking his pocket of so valuable an article. He followed me awhile longer, apparently much puzzled and disconcert-ed at my coldness, and then suddenly married a pretty, lovable little girl, and became to all ap-pearances the happiest of Benedicts.

"Then, too, Esquire Norton came from his dingy counting room, to place his heart and hand at my disposal. A hand that was never open to relieve the wants of suffering humanity, and a heart as dry and dusty as his ledger, and hard as the gold he worshiped. Singular as it may seem, I declined the honor of his alliance; and he wooed and won a brilliant devotee of fashion, who seems to find equipage, dress and splendor good substitutes for happiness, and presides over his elegant establishment with inimitable grace.

"And stiff-rig Major Garland came down from his pedestal of pride, and asked me to 'do him the distinguished honor of sharing his name and fortune.' The name was well enough, the for-tune unexceptionable, but the incumbrance, Ugh!

"There were others, but I am tired of enum-erating them, and think that I have already proved that though love may be as potent a pas-sion as any that sways the heart of man, its effects are seldom very disastrous."

"But, Mabel, dear," questioned Alice, "did you never see Charley Fielding again?"

"O, yes! he came back at last, and for awhile kept haughtily at a distance, but at length ven-tured to approach me in company, and then to call on me at home, and continued to repeat the experiment occasionally for several months; but he was jealous of every one who approached me, and I could not conceive how he had acquired a right to know how much or how little I cared for any one but himself, and did not take much pains to satisfy his curiosity. And, besides, he was evidently too proud to commit himself again, without more encouragement than I would con-descend to give; and so the distance between us grew wider every time we met, until he absented himself altogether, and finally left the place.

"When last I heard of him he had attained a position that, highly as I had appreciated him, I had never supposed him competent to fill, and was still unmarried; for 'our distinguished rep-resentative,' as the newspapers call him, is proba-bly more fastidious than simple Charley Fielding. He has probably quite forgotten Mabel Keith, and I have learned to wonder how I could ever have been so silly as to fancy that I loved him."

Hon. Charles Fielding was a cousin of Alice's husband, and she had long suspected him of cherishing an unfortunate, perhaps hopeless, at-tachment for somebody, she could never guess who; and now she fancied herself quite too shrewd to be deceived by the declaration that "she wondered how she could ever have been so silly," with which she thought Mabel was trying to cheat herself. That young lady, how-ever, knew nothing of the relationship, and con-sequently when Mr. Fielding again sought her favor, could not suspect that he had been in-fluenced by any revelations from her friend; and it was not till she had been several months a wife, and in a fit of her old perversity assured her husband that she did not care half so much for him as he imagined, and had only married him because society was so organized as to make marriage a kind of necessity, that she learned he knew how long and vainly she had striven to forget him.

Housewife's Department.

[Gathered expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

The best way to clean Paint.

Wring out a clean flannel, and take up as much whit-ing in powder as will adhere to it. With this rub the paint; it will soon remove all dirt and grease. Then well wash off the whiting with clear water; and rub dry with an old silk handkerchief or soft cloth, when the paint will look as well as new. This method does not injure the most delicate colors, and preserves the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap. It is not applicable to paint that is varnished, as imitations of oak, etc.

Chicken Broth.

Put a young fowl, cut up as usual, into a small well-tinned stewpan, with two spoonsful of rice, and two quarts of water; having skimmed it, add some coriander seed and two pinches of poppy grains; boil it gently for two hours; cover it, and take the pan from the fire to infuse for a quarter of an hour, pass it through a silk sieve, and serve it lukewarm, two hours before, and the same space after dinner. It is good to soften the blood.

Chicken Broth for the Lungs.

Is the same as the above; adding, when putting the fowl on, two spoonsful of pearl barley, and when passed through a sieve add two ounces of barley-sugar, when this is dissolved, use it lukewarm and perfectly skimmed. Capons are prepared for broths and teas as chickens, but they have more nutrition, though equally restorative, and are more proper for men than for women and children.

Drinks.

A soft and fine draught for those who are weak and have a cough may be made thus: beat a fresh-laid egg, and mix it with quarter pint of new milk warmed, a large spoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg. Do not warm it after the egg is put in. Take it the first and last thing. Tamarinds, currants, fresh or in jelly, or scalded currants or cranberries, make excellent drinks, with a little sugar or not as may be agreeable.

Arrowroot Jelly.

It is very necessary to be careful not to get the coun-terfeit sort; if genuine, it is very nourishing, especially for persons with weak bowels. Put into a saucepan half a pint of water, a glass of sherry, or spoonful of brandy, grated nutmeg, and fine sugar; boil up once, then mix it by degrees into a dessert spoonful of arrowroot, previ-ously rubbed smooth with two spoonsful of cold water.

Plum Jelly.

Take only those plums which are perfectly sound; re-move the stalks, and put them into large stone jars; if damsons, make an incision in each; cover the jars with bladder; put them in deep pans of water over the fire, and let the water boil gently for three or four hours, till all the juice has come from the fruit; then strain through a jelly-bag, and boil with an equal weight of lump sugar, taking care to stir it constantly.

To sweep Carpets.

The oftener these are taken up and shaken, the longer they will wear, as the dust and dirt underneath grind them out. Sweep carpets with a stiff hair brush, if you wish them to wear long or look well. At any rate keep a good broom purposely for the carpet.

Black Currant Jelly.

Boil the fruit till the juice flows; then strain it through a jelly-bag, and set it again over the fire for twenty min-utes; after which, add half a pound of sugar for each pound of juice, and boil the whole ten minutes longer.

To repair broken Glass.

Dissolve some isinglass in gin, just sufficient to cover it; make the broken parts quite warm (better put them into a warm oven), dip them into the liquid, and if possi-ble tie them together for a little time.

Greengage Jam.

Rub ripe greengages through a coarse hair sieve; put the pulp into a preserving pan along with an equal weight of lump sugar, pounded and sifted. Boil the whole to a proper thickness, and put it into pots.

Gold Cake.

Take yolks of one dozen eggs, five cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup butter, one and a half cup cream or sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda.

Silver Cake.

Take whites of one dozen eggs, five cups flour, three cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup cream or sweet milk, one teaspoonful cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of soda.

Black Currant Ice-Cream.

Take one large spoonful of currant jelly; add to it the juice and a pint of cream. Pass the whole through a sieve, and freeze it with ice.

Sweet Potatoes.

They are finest, roasted in the ashes; next best, baked; are very nice boiled till tender, and then pared and laid into the oven of the cooking-stove to brown.

To make camphorated Vinegar.

Reduce half an ounce of camphor to a very fine pow-der, mix it with a little rectified spirit, and dissolve it in six ounces of acetic acid.

Sponge Cake.

The weight of ten eggs in sugar, six in flour, ten eggs. Season to taste.

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Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY CONSTANCE BERNE.

O, what were a place in the temple of fame,
The hopes of the poet or sage,
To the pleasure, the rapture of leaving my name,
My mark on this beautiful page!

And yet I conceive of a pleasure more bright,
A joy which would never depart;
'Twould be forever and ever to write
My name on the fair owner's heart.

A name engraved there more safe would be
Than if 'twere embalmed in rhyme—
'Twould defy all the waves of oblivion's sea,
And the hard iron finger of Time.

RAVAGE.

——Then up I rose,
And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash
And merciless ravage: and the shady nook
Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower
Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
Their quiet being; and, unless I now
Confound my present feelings with the past,
Ere from the mutilated bower I turned
Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,
I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky.
WORDSWORTH.

REMEMBRANCE.

Remembrance makes the poet; 'tis the past
Lingering within him with a keener sense
Than is upon the thoughts of common men,
Of what has been; that fills the actual world
With unreal likenesses of lovely shapes,
That were and are not. L. E. L.

A Florentine Romance.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FLORENTINE BRIDES.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

THE glory of the spring sunshine was flooding a pleasant valley beneath the Appenines, broken only by the shadow of the olive tree and the wild vines that mantled over the rude chasms and rifted rocks, concealing their rough outline, while the rugged base of the hill was softened by the covering of moss, and the shrubs of thyme and lavender, whose fragrance fed the air eternally; and where, lower down, the cypress and juniper bent lovingly over the ridges where leaped the cascade, like a mimic cataract.

On the hillside itself, sheltered and enclosed by a cluster of pine trees, a small and humble dwelling, scarcely distinguishable in their deep shadow, nestled in a little nook, leaning its vine-covered roof against one of the giant rocks.

From out this sequestered nook came a vision of beauty, such as is seldom seen in the palaces of Florence,—a maiden of tender years, light and swift of foot, and with a careless grace in her step and attitude that could not fail of arresting the attention of the beholder. Her dress, although poor and coarse, was yet picturesque and becoming. A crimson woolen jacket was laced tightly across the bust, and a blue petticoat was plaited about the hips, and fell in not ungraceful folds about the bare feet which gleamed up in their whiteness, as they touched the brown leaves that lay thickly around, and which had been falling for years in that valley, where the winds could not reach or scatter them.

With a basket, in which she gathered the sweet crop of lavender and the odorous bundles of thyme, she went as a bird goes from flower to flower, until it was brimming over with sweetness, and then rapidly ascending the hill, she looked long and eagerly, as if expecting some one in the direction of the setting sun. Even in that sunset hour there was no mist. The soft, clear, transparent atmosphere showed every object at a great distance, investing all things with that peculiar and beautiful tint with which the sky of Florence paints the commonest sight. With one exquisitely shaped, but olive tinted hand, she shaded the dark eyes that looked out so earnestly into the distance, while her fragrant load hung carelessly on the other arm. Just such a picture, with just such surroundings, and with the last rosy tint of sunshine falling around her like a robe of light, would the pencil of Michael Angelo have delighted to portray. And, indeed, that matchless artist was then living in the fair city, towards which the earnest gaze of Leonore was now directed. As she looked, the sun went down, and instantly all was deepest twilight at the spot which she had left but a few moments before. The dark shade of the pines almost hid from her eyes the little dwelling beneath them, and she hastened to find its entrance, which her fleet steps reached long before the convent bells had done ringing for vespers.

Once within that quiet retreat, she called, "Father!" in a sweet but plaintive voice, and a response came from a low couch made of the mountain moss. An aged man lifted his white head from the rude pillow, and calling her gently to his side, he asked if she had seen or heard aught of his son.

"Nothing, father," she answered mournfully; "nothing, but I met Pietro, the goat-herd, and he told me that the siege was going on, and that in the city famine and distress were staring them in the face; that the cry was, 'Death to the Medici!' and that the palaces of the Medici were many of them burned; that Francesco Carducci was haranguing the people, threatening to rid them himself of the family he hated."

The old man sighed heavily, but spoke not; and the young girl set aside her basket and prepared the simple meal of bread and milk for her father's supper, and then assisted him to rise.

"Thanks, thanks, dear child," whispered he; "well have you repaid the care I took of your helpless infancy. Now I am a child, and you are in the place of a mother. Dear, I cannot help you through this wearisome life, but Guilio will be your guide."

The girl blushed a rich, rosy crimson, as he uttered Guilio's name.

"Alas!" she said, "we little know what will befall him ere we behold him again." She repented, a moment after, that she had said this, for the old man's head drooped, and his countenance wore an air of deep dejection.

She passed round the little table, laid her hands caressingly upon the long white hair that streamed down the neck and shoulders of the old man, and spoke more encouragingly.

"Guilio will do his duty, father, and the rest we must leave to God."

"Ah, little did I think five years ago that a child of mine would be resisting the power of the Medici family! but you know, Leonore, they are not what they were in the days of Lorenzo, nor even of John. Time was when I was proud of being a follower and friend of the Medici. Now I hear that Allessandro de Medici is the vilest of the vile, and that his cousin is fast imitating his excesses. My poor Guilio! I trust he will be spared to protect you, my child, from that lawless wretch who spares neither woman in his love nor man in his wrath."

A sound was heard beneath the window like the cautious step of a mule,—the only animal to which the hillside was accessible; and in a few moments a young boy entered with a small strip of parchment in his hand, which he presented to Leonore. She took it, and going close to the old man, read these few words: "I am safe. Miccolo Capponi is Gonfaloniere of Florence."

"God be thanked!" exclaimed Bertucci, "not more for my son's life than for the sway of Capponi. Under his rule Florence will wear off the foul stigma that awaited her under the degenerate scion of the Medici; and you, my Leonore, will not vainly pine for the return of Guilio. When he returns, if he is prosperous, you shall become indeed my daughter."

"Nay, father, the new Gonfaloniere has a daughter. Is there no chance that Guilio will forget the mountain maiden in the new honors and dignities which he may enjoy under her father?"

"Do you judge so meanly of my son, Leonore? Did he not promise, from the moment when I brought you from the arms of your noble father, who even in death seemed to clasp you to his heart, that henceforth, you should be more to him than any sister? And have you not both plighted yourselves a hundred times in my presence? *You* would not swerve from this, Leonore; why suspect Guilio to be less true than yourself?"

"I do not, father. It was but the silly promptings of a girlish jealousy; but look, father, while we talk thus, this poor lad is famishing."

And she eagerly ran for a bowl of the sweet, fresh milk and a loaf of bread for the boy.

"Thanks, lady! I escaped from the city last night, where famine and hunger abound. O, but this is indeed refreshing," he added as a spoonful of the fresh, creamy liquid passed his lips. "Could you see upon what we have fed! Dogs, horses, and even rats have been our only food for days."

"My poor boy!" said Leonore, compassionately, yet shuddering at his recital of the horrors of such a siege.

She traced a few words upon the end of the parchment, and gave to the boy, when he had finished the meal, which it did Leonore good to see him devour. She looked out of the window, and was thankful that the moon was now high enough to light the child upon his backward track; and then speeding him on his way, she turned to talk over the tidings brought by Guilio's little messenger.

The elder Bertucci had been an ardent friend and follower, as has been seen, of the family of the Medici; but since the sad death of John, he had exiled himself to this lonely spot among the Appenines, not choosing to appear against them, since age had disabled his arm for the battle for injured Florence. His son Guilio had no such scruples; and he had almost immediately left his father on seeing him safely bestowed, with the young Leonore as his attendant. He had been gone, however, much longer than they could have anticipated, and Leonore began to fear that the scanty resources left them in their flight would fail them soon.

Now she could sit down glad, contented, happy *almost*; and when the old man, whom she called father, had lain down for the night, Leonore fastened the door and windows, and sat where the full moon was shining upon the floor, to think of the absent and to anticipate their meeting.

Leonore had heard of Ippolita Capponi. Her beauty and goodness was the theme of many of the love-inspired Florentines, who had visited her adopted father before he left the city. What if Guilio, with his young, impassioned heart, once so full of tender devotion to herself, should be captivated by the beautiful Ippolita? That way Leonore dared not look,—the thought brought a pang to her heart that took away her very breath.

Her mind was somewhat re-assured the next morning, when the elder Bertucci talked to her of the approaching re-union. And even sooner than she could hope for, Guilio appeared, worn and exhausted, it is true, but with a heart full of love for the inmates of the cottage. Days now glided on like fairy dreams. Her jealousy was all forgotten in the new joy of his presence; and yet Guilio said nothing of their union. She did not heed that at first; but by-and-by the fact forced itself upon her, and made her unhappy indeed.

Guilio could not indeed forget Ippolita. Amid the regal stateliness of the Capponi mansion, the young girl had unveiled her transparent heart to his gaze as clearly as though her fresh red lips had given utterance to her love. Her father, too, had distinguished him with such marks of approbation as might well embolden him to believe that he would have no objection to trust him with his daughter's happiness, and Guilio had dreamed of love and ambition united, until it had grown to be a part of his daily life.

In vain, for the sake of the pale flower who was already beginning to droop by his side, did he strive to banish the idea from his mind. In vain, for his father's sake, who he knew fostered this hope for years in his adopted child's heart, did he try to take up this cross. The image of Ippolita came between him and every other idea.

It was in the midst of these fluctuating resolves, that he received a summons to Florence, from the pen of Michael Angelo himself. The great artist had laid down the pencil for the cares of state, and in view of the fast increasing infirmities of the Gonfaloniere, and the evil machinations of his enemies, he had summoned Guilio to Florence.

The decision was almost like death to the poor heart that leaned upon him for support, but he flattered himself that he was only obeying the sacred call of friendship, when he prepared to go.

"I will not leave you, Leonore. You and my father shall accompany me to the outskirts of Florence, where I can see you every day."

He was true to his word; and, even before he entered the Capponi palace, he saw them comfortably arranged at a little villa on the banks of the Arno.

Once more involved in the cares and turmoils of state, Guilio saw but little of Leonore; but every day, at the palace of the Capponi, his eyes rested on the loveliness of the Gonfaloniere's matchless daughter. Meantime, Leonore abandoned herself to grief for his absence, and after a sleepless night she resolved to visit the city and seek him out if possible. No longer restricted to the careful attendance upon his father, and the scanty means by which she had supported life in the Appenine cottage, she left him in the care of a servant, and dressing herself in a garb which Guilio had praised, she took her way through the olive groves that lined the entrance to Florence, and reached at last the noble palace which she sought. She found it all too soon for her peace; for beneath the vine-mantled arches there stood Guilio and Ippolita together. Conviction came upon the mind of the unhappy girl, rousing her to frenzy. With a cry that sounded as if it came from the caverns of the doomed, she sprang across the leaf-strewn road, and disappeared from their sight.

Guilio recognized her at once, and it was but the work of a moment to reach her side. It was a helpless and altogether hopeless look which she cast upon his face,—a look in which no shadow of recognition dwelt. The feeble intellect of the young girl had fallen before this confirmation of her jealous fears.

With the active benevolence of a generous mind, as free as the winds from jealousy or suspicion, Ippolita bade him convey her, whom he called his sister, to her own apartment, where she tended and nursed her into something like reason. Then she left her with Guilio, to make his peace with her, while she went back to her father. She saw no more of either that night; for Guilio had taken Leonore home in a carriage. When he came into her father's room the next morning, he looked pale and troubled; and, with rare delicacy, Ippolita forbore to question him. Her father seemed fast sinking under the cares of state; and Ippolita dreaded lest they should be too much for his exhausted frame and spirits. Every day the burden of grief seemed heavier to his daughter; and any falling away of friendship on Guilio's part would have been the worst of all cruelties.

On the other hand was the drooping plant which lived only in his sunlight,—how could he throw aside the young heart that clung in very weakness to him? His was a strange destiny, thus to bring sorrow on all who loved him, and how could he shun the wretchedness which seemed to threaten them all?

That he had owned to Ippolita that his love was most truly bestowed upon her, could not be denied; and not even the compassion he felt for Leonore could make his love less; while she, with a generous self-sacrifice that bound him more strongly to her, offered to resign it all to the frail being whose life seemed so bound to his.

But another source of anxiety developed itself for Ippolita. The Gonfaloniere grew rapidly ill, and required all his daughter's attention. Then he was all the time inquiring eagerly for his young friend, Guilio Bertucci; and thinking now only of her father, Ippolita begun, spite of her compassion for Leonore, to entreat him to stay with them until the last sad scene should be completed; "and then,—then Guilio, I will trouble your life no longer. I will then retire to to the convent of Santa Lucia ——"

"Never, Ippolita! That dismal sepulchre shall never be your home while I live."

"Hush! think you that I will be that poor girl's murderer?" asked Ippolita.

"Let us not speak of the future. The pall deepens around us full heavily; we will not draw it closer than we can help."

A few days more and the worn frame of Miccolo Capponi was laid to its last rest. Ippolita, as she bent over her father's lifeless body, had scorned all consolation, even Guilio's; and, except that he took all care of the ceremonies of burial, he did not intrude himself upon her. The first long week of loneliness over, she began to wonder if he would ever come again, and at last she sent for him to take her farewell. He remonstrated and entreated in vain. She was determined to shut herself within the gloomy walls; and Guilio had only the mournful satisfaction of tending the beautiful ruin that was wearing out at home.

It was fortunate for all that he did so,—for the elder Bertucci was fast sinking into death. Guilio closed his eyes with pious care; and, yielding to his father request whispered hoarsely while the death-rattle was in his throat, he took Leonore to the church of Santa Agatha and married her. Ippolita heard of their marriage in her cell. She prayed most earnestly for strength to bear this new struggle with her destiny.

Alas! she had enough to think of in the fate of Florence,—Florence, abandoned since the death of her father to the lawless sway of Allessandro de Medici. In the convent of Santa Lucia the sounds of wailing came to her ears, because of the enormities committed against the independence of Florence. We pass over the frightful era of 1527, certain that its details could only excite the deepest disgust in every heart.

Not long did Leonore survive her marriage. Guilio laid her beautiful head in the grave, almost with a sensation of deep thankfulness that the brief life was over, since no sign of amended intellect could be perceived; and sooner even than his own fervent passion could excuse it, he hastened to the convent of Santa Lucia and claimed the thin, pale inmate of the lonely cell for his bride. Sorrow had sprinkled the bright locks with silver, and the lustrous eyes had grown dim; but heart met heart in perfect trust and faith; and soon the pale cheek grew bright and glowing once more. Guilio bore her to a mountain home, where health dwelt in every breeze that touched her brow. Afar from stricken, oppressed, degraded Florence, they lived in this solitude of the mountain passes, scarcely hearing the faintest hum that swelled from the city's choking atmosphere.

Light broke in upon Ippolita's darkened life, and its reflected rays brightened that of her husband. Looking back on the dim road which both had travelled so long, they could not but accept with deepest gratitude the joy now presented to their lips.

Living apart from Florence, and shunning even to hear of her degradation,—avoiding, even to each other, all mention of the stormy past, their existence flowed on, all the more serenely perhaps, because its early morn was so deeply troubled; and although more than three centuries have passed, the name of Bertucci is still preserved as coeval with that of Michael Angelo Buonarotti.

BE COURTEOUS AT HOME.

A man's home is the casket wherein his choicest jewels are enshrined, and it should be his peculiar province to endeavor to make that casket a true haven of rest, from which the virtues and gentle affections of all its inmates should shine out like beacon lights upon the frowning world without. An exchange thus descants:

"Why not be polite at home? How much does it cost you to say, 'I thank you?' Why not practise it at home—to your husband, to your children, your domestics? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment. If your husband, ah! it is a matter of course—no need of thanks. Should an acquaintance tread upon your dress, and by accident tear it, how profuse you are with your 'Never mind—don't think of it—I don't care at all;' if a husband does it he gets a frown,—if a child, it is chastised. 'Ah, these are little things,' say you; but they tell mightily upon the heart, let me assure you. A gentleman stops at a friend's house and finds it all confusion. He sees nothing about which to apologize—never thinks of such matters. Everything is right—cold supper, cold room, crying children—perfectly comfortable. Goes home, where his wife has been taking care of the sick ones, and working her life quite out. 'Don't see why things can't be kept in order—there never was such cross children before.' No apologies accepted at home? Why not use there the golden words of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, 'I thank you,' or 'You are very kind!'—doubly, yes, thrice sweet from the lips we love, when her smile makes the eye sparkle with the light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare, to grow glad at your approach, to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then, with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple."—*New Yorker.*

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

Roses, wild as crimson flashes,
O'er the busy tumult rise,
Giant lilies, white as crystal,
Shoot like columns to the skies.

Balcony Garden.

The most suitable plants for balconies are those of slow growth; and as, from their exposed situations, they are liable to great and sudden changes, with regard to temperature, winds, and moisture, they ought to be naturally tolerably hardy. To prevent the soil in the pots from becoming over dried, from the pot being constantly exposed to the wind, one pot should be placed within another, with a little sand or moss between them, and that kept constantly moist. The pots may be set in saucers, provided a little gravel be placed in the bottom of each saucer, so as to allow the free escape of water from the hole in the bottom of the pot. Mignonette and trailing plants are best grown entirely in wooden boxes.

Bottom Heat.

This is a term applied to heat produced at the roots of plants by a hot-bed or bark. The effect this produces in stimulating the plants is very great; and is particularly advantageous in striking cuttings, which under ordinary circumstances would not throw out readily roots. Bottom heat is often very useful in enabling hot house plants to stand in the open air during the summer. A bed may be formed of bark, decayed leaves, or stable manure, in which the pots may be plunged, and the surface covered with a thin coating of turf; and in this manner all the hot house climbers may be trained over the trellis work of a verandah.

Cattleya.

Orchideous plants with large, splendid flowers, natives of South America. They may be grown either in pots, in peat mixed with lime rubbish, or on pieces of wood or cocoa husks hung up in a hot house, the roots being wrapped in wet moss. All the species of Cattleya are easily propagated by dividing their roots; and they are particularly valuable because they do not require the excessive heat that most tropical Orchideæ do.

Roses.

Roses should be planted in autumn, generally speaking; but some of the more tender Chinese and Musk Roses may be planted in spring. Every fifth or sixth year, roses should be taken up, their roots shortened, and re-planted in fresh soil, the old soil being effectually removed; and every year in March about a bushel of well rotted manure should be laid on the surface of the ground round the stem of the tree

Dillroynia.

An Australian shrub with heath-like leaves, and pea flowers, which are generally scarlet or orange. They should be grown in pots well drained, and in a mixture of peat, loam and sand, and they should be regularly watered. They are propagated very readily by cuttings, which should be stuck in sand under a bell-glass.

Ice Plant.

This little plant is, I think, well known to everybody. It is a tender annual, with thick, fleshy leaves, that have the appearance of being covered with crystals of ice. There is not much beauty in the flowers, but the plant itself is highly ornamental.

Double-flowering Peach.

This shrub is very beautiful. The flowers are large and full, like tiny roses. There is a white and pink variety. Unless the trees are kept headed down and well pruned, they become straggling and unsightly. Particular attention should therefore be paid to this point.

Tupa Lobeliacea.

This is a new name given to the large, upright-growing kinds of Lobelia, with scarlet flowers.

Jester's Picnic.

There is a story extant of a young wag who was once invited to dine with an old gentleman of rather sudden temper. The dining room was on the second floor, and the principal dish was a fine boiled ham. When the old gentleman undertook to carve it, he found the knife rather dull, and in a sudden passion flung it down stairs after the servant who brought it. Whereupon the young gentleman seized the ham, and with admirable dexterity hurled it after the knife.

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed the gentleman as soon as he could speak.

"I beg your pardon," was the cool reply; "I thought you were going to dine down stairs."

A facetious gentleman, travelling in the country, on arriving at his lodging place in the evening, was met by the ostler, whom he thus addressed:

"Boy, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, devote to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliment, and when the Aurora of morn shall again illumine the oriental horizon, I will reward you with a pecuniary compensation for your amiable hospitality."

The boy not understanding a word, ran into the house, saying: "Master, here's a Dutchman wants to see you."

A prisoner in jail lately sent to his creditors the following proposal, which he believed would be for their mutual benefit: "I have been thinking that it is very bad for me to lie here and put you to expense. My being so chargeable to you has given me great uneasiness. I know not what it may cost you in the end; therefore what I would say is this: you let me out of prison, and, instead of nine shillings, you shall allow me only seven shillings a week, and the other two shillings go towards the debt."

A pert lawyer in the South lately insulted the judge, who fined him $50. He repeated the insult, and the judge doubled the fine; he tried it again, and the fine was repeated. Finally, he asked permission to go home.

"What for," said the judge.

"Why, to buy your honor's paper at 10 per cent., to pay my fine!"

Judge—"Humph! I remit the fine."

There is great virtue in the rope that hangs a man, say some folks. A workman of Orne, France, being poor, committed suicide lately, and left behind him the following note:

"Farewell, my wife and children! As I have no fortune to bequeath you, I leave you an article which will enable you to succeed in all you attempt. Divide among you the rope with which I have hanged myself."

A bright child asked his mother where he should go when he died?

"To heaven, I trust," said the mother.

"Shall I have anything to eat there?"

"Yes, love, you will be fed with the bread of life."

"Well, I hope they'll put lots of butter on it," concluded the youngster.

TO THE DEPARTED COMICK.

"Grate Comick, yure a goin! With greatful feelins
I appreshiate the fack, and wish yer a pleasant
Jurney. With mi telespoak Ive wotcht yure
Moshuns; and Ime free to say, I like the
Aspeck of yure tale mutch moar nor that uv
Your phigger hed."

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up in front of the stand.

"Now what's behind you, John?"

"The north, sir."

"And what is behind you, Tommy?"

"My coat tail, sir."

At a recent examination of a bankrupt, it was observed that he kept a great number of banking accounts.

"I see," said the learned commissioner, "that you have had six or seven bankers; what could you want so many for!"

"To overdraw them, to be sure," was the frank and candid reply.

A careless barber, trimming the ears of a customer put him to some uneasiness.

"Are you trimming my left ear now?"

"No, sir, not till I have done the right."

"O, I only thought by what I felt, that you were passing through to my left ear without going round."

There is a lawyer in Dearborn county, Ind., known no less for his eccentricity than his legal lore. Many are the anecdotes told of him. A man once went to him to be qualified for some petty office. Said he: "Hold up your hand; I'll swear you, but all creation couldn't qualify you."

A country lad who had been at a public dinner, wished to describe the scene to his dulcinea, in the language of the village editor, who had said that "the table groaned with venison, roast pig, and every luxury." Accordingly he declared to his wondering Belinda that "venison and roasted pigs groaned on the table."

An Alabamian, a few days since, went out to see the depot of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad. Near the depot were several Irish draymen. Thinking to quiz them, he shouted to one:

"Has the railroad got in?"

"One ind has, sir!" was the prompt response.

The following is an exact copy of an advertisement, posted in one of the towns near Boston;

"lost One Heffer two Year Old With a Star in the Forhed and Som White Spots on hir and Will have a Calf this fall Hoever Will Return Hir two —— Shall be Rewarded ——"

A young man was conversing in a public house of his abilities and accomplishments, and boasting a good deal of his mighty performances. When he had finished, a Quaker quietly observed;

"There is one thing thou canst not do: thou canst not tell the truth!"

"Tom, I hear you are going south to reside."

"Yes; going to Florida."

"Well, I advise you to get into a town where there are no buckets, for when I was in that region every other man was kicking the bucket."

Small Boy (to actor of nobleman, who has just come from the banquet-hall, where he has been singing, "Let us be gay," and scattering gold about the stage)—"If you please, sir, there's a policeman down at the door, sir, who wants to see you about that 'ere bill!"

"Sure, and I'm heir to a splendid estate under my father's will. When he died, he ordered my elder brother to divide the house wid me; and St. Patrick he did—for he tuck the inside himself, and gave me the outside."

Thrilling (*Clamant omnes*)—Man overboard!
Captain—Throw the buoy over to him.
Fond Parent—Never, while that boy's mother lives.

It cannot be said that the venerable poet, Rogers, died without pain, as he expired in presence of Dr. Beattie, and Mr. E. Paine, his attendant.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The Favorite Weekly Miscellaneous Journal.

DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after *eleven years* of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

☞ It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.
☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style.
☞ It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no advertisements in its eight super royal pages.
☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has sixteen years of editorial experience in Boston.
☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.
☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.
☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity.
☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.
☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.
☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.
☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been a popular a favorite throughout the country.

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The Arkansas Ranger:

—OR,—

DINGLE THE BACKWOODSMAN.

A STORY OF EAST AND WEST.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RANGER AND THE VIVANDIERE.—AN ORATION.—AN EMIGRANT PARTY.

THE president promised the crowd that Corvino should be sought out with all due diligence, and that, if found, he should be brought to speedy punishment; but he deemed it probable the villain had sought refuge among the French.

Loud cries of rage resounded through the crowd, for they would fain have instant vengeance follow on the demonstration of the prisoner's guilt. But as it was evident that he could not now escape justice, the spectators left the court-room, on the whole, satisfied.

"And now, gentlemen," said Dingle, with a polite salutation to the bench, "just be kind enough to give me a scrap of paper for the release of the two victims of this scandalous treachery—the fair friend of Rome and her American defender."

"My dear friend," said Garibaldi, "I find there are some legal formalities to be gone through with, before our friends can be released."

"Legal formalities in revolutionary times!" said Dingle.

"'Open locks,
Whoever knocks.'"

"I chafe at these formalities, as you do," said Garibaldi; "but we swordsmen must obey the law."

"Eyetalian law!" said Dingle. "And a nice brewing it is. Well, I give you fair warning that, if you don't hurry up your cakes, there'll be trouble in the camp. To do these Romans justice, they are as ready to repair wrong as to commit it in moments of excitement. They feel that the lady and my friend have been deeply wronged, and they will not rest satisfied till ample reparation has been made. Come, you ill-omened raven," he added, turning to the prisoner with a scowl. "Left foot forward! March! I shall not rest easy till I see you in the lock-up." And he escorted his prisoner from the court-room.

"Deengolo," said Nina, when they were alone, together, "I want you to tell me something about your country—something about your home in Arkansas, and the life you lead there."

"You wouldn't understand one half I told you, notwithstanding all the Yankee-English I have taught you," said the ranger, with a smile, —for he was in high spirits, "and the other half you wouldn't believe; for when a man reckons a hoss, an alligator, and a steam-engine among his ancestors, he's rather apt to differ from the average run of human natur'."

Nina gazed wonderingly at the spokesman with her great, black eyes.

"Who live in Arkansas, Deengolo (a word which she had invented)?" she asked, softly.

"The population consists principally of free born Americans, wild buffaloes, niggers, alligators, musquitoes, hoss-flies, 'possums, 'coons, railroads, steamboats and dug-outs. Buffaloes are reckoned among the floating population, and rattlesnakes among the squatters. The buffaloes are about three times as big as those you've seen on the campagnaa; the rattlesnakes are pison sarpints—but I make game of both of 'em. For instance, I start off in the morning, come across a buffalo, drop him with a crack from my rifle, and perhaps, as I'm stepping up to secure my game, I pop into a rattlesnake's hole."

"What horror!" cried Nina.

"Don't be alarmed," said Dingle. "Whiss—burr! They raise up their ugly heads and dart them at me—but I seize them by the tail, snap their heads off, put them into my pocket, shoulder the buffalo, and trudge home, wishing that I had some little Nina to cook a buffalo steak for me, and make a necklace for herself out of the sarpint's rattles."

"What you tell me, Deengolo?"

"Nothing but the truth, slightly exaggerated," replied the unblushing ranger.

"Do you live on buffalo meat?"

"Not altogether, little one; for we observe another great institution in the life-sustainin' line—buckwheat cakes and maple sugar! Talk of honey and maccaroni; it's absolutely nowhere, alongside of buckwheat cakes! It's worth the voyage to America to eat 'em! Ah, Nina, what a life you'll lead with your own *sposo cavallo*,